

The Nation.

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The Week.

It was Friday before the Senate reached a vote on the bill admitting Virginia, and that only over the prostrate bodies of the Hon. Mr. Porter and Gov. Walker, whom Senators Trumbull and Sumner had in turn "laid out." The bill went to the House with two amendments by Mr. Drake, and one each by Messrs. Wilson and Morton. The House took it up on Monday, and passed it without alteration after a debate, if it can be so called, in which Mr. Butler attempted to air his Republicanism at the expense of Mr. Bingham, but was put to shame by Mr. Farnsworth, speaking for the veterans of the party, and Mr. Logan, on behalf of the neophytes. Miscellaneous business before the Senate has been the census, Mr. Conkling having reported adversely to the scheme on which Mr. Garfield has expended so much labor, and in favor of the old mode of enumeration, with such variations as emancipation and other constitutional changes have made necessary. If the matter were left to the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior, we should regard the adoption of Mr. Garfield's recommendations as morally certain. As it is, we regret the opposition of the Senate Committee, and trust it will not be sustained. On Monday, Mr. Sherman explained his financial measure, but every other speaker had a better to propose. In the House, Mr. Dawes was the subject of general assault on the part of the Pennsylvanians for his homely truths in regard to League Island; but on Monday he brought in undismayed the appropriation bills shorn of nearly three millions. The same parties, with allies from other States, were defeated by more than two to one on the vote to print Commissioner Wells's report; which looks very much as if Mr. Carey's chances of succeeding Mr. Wells were not so good as might be. Mr. Washburn obtained a victory over the Post-Office Committee by getting a special committee appointed to consider his postal-telegraph bill; and as Senator Ramsey has introduced a bill incorporating the company of which Mr. Gardiner Hubbard has been the advocate, there is a prospect of some action in favor of reduced rates and against private monopoly.

The Virginia bill was amended in the Senate by the insertion of conditions, binding members of the Legislature to swear that they had never taken an oath of allegiance to the United States, and afterwards taken part in the rebellion or given aid or comfort to rebels, and prohibiting the State from ever so amending its constitution as to deprive anybody of the right to vote who now possesses it, except as a punishment for crimes under laws equally applicable to all, or so as to deprive anybody of the right to hold office on account of the absence of qualifications not exacted of all, or of school privileges now secured under the constitution. In this shape it went back to the House, and was there passed. The new conditions are of little value, except as expressions of the will of the majority in the Senate. Of course, should the State violate them by changing its constitution, the only remedy would be the exclusion of its members from the Legislature; and whether this remedy would be applied or not would depend on the temper of the majority for the time being in Congress. If it were a Democratic majority, nothing would be done. The only *real* protection for civil rights is one which any man who feels aggrieved can invoke in a court of law; in other words, a provision of the Federal Constitution, "enforced by appropriate legislation." The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments will, therefore, be the negro charter.

The debate in the Senate on Friday was exceedingly acrimonious, Messrs. Sumner and Trumbull having a regular passage of arms before a crowded house. Mr. Trumbull made a set onslaught on the Massachusetts Senator for his whole course about the bill, denouncing him for having asserted that the House and Senate bill were different, when they were essentially, and, indeed, almost literally, the same; for having

accused the Judiciary Committee of having refused to receive or hear a deputation of loyal Virginians when considering the bill, when he had the positive assurance of each member of the committee that they had never heard of any such deputation; for having assailed Governor Walker as a "traitor" in the teeth of the strongest testimony as to his loyalty during his past career, and his own disavowal of a report of a speech made in Virginia, in which Mr. Sumner detected evidence of hostility to common schools; for having misrepresented the provisions of the Virginia Constitution with regard to the school system; for having endorsed and cited as an authority a certain not very reputable character, named Porter, as a loyal man; for having absented himself from the vote on the first Reconstruction Act, conferring the suffrage on the blacks; and for having also refrained from voting on the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment. The attack was very severe, and has clearly revealed the existence of fires long pent up. "Impudence," "assurance," "effrontery," and pretence of "infallibility," were amongst the less serious of its charges.

Mr. Sumner replied by expressing regret for the condition of Mr. Trumbull's "heart," charging him with having been, from first to last, the persistent enemy of the proposition to confer the suffrage on the colored people (Mr. Trumbull has voted for it from the very first bill conferring it); with having written an article defending the doctrine that color might be, under the Constitution of the United States, the qualification of a voter, which, he said, "hereafter every jurist will read with regret and pity" (at present, Mr. Sumner composes the entire school of jurists who doubt it—the faculty of seeing in a written instrument whatever one thinks ought to be in it being one, happily for mankind, which few jurists possess). Mr. Trumbull's course in the Georgia bill, he suggested, was due to a desire on the part of that gentleman "to see the State handed over to the Ku Klux Klan;" and he charged him with "having made himself on that floor the representative of that fiendish organization," and declared that "through him the Ku Klux Klan, with its bloody orgies, seemed about to prevail." To this calm and accurate account of Mr. Trumbull's position in that matter Mr. Sumner added an accusation, to the effect that when Andrew Johnson was "dragged to the bar" by "a just and generous House of Representatives," Mr. Trumbull "found an argument of technicality in favor of the criminal," and his vote "continued the criminal in power."

He then said, in reply to the charge of having failed to vote on the original Reconstruction Act, that it was he who had, in the committee to whom the Reconstruction question was referred, introduced the provision in the bill which conferred the suffrage on all persons, without distinction of color; that he had not claimed credit for it heretofore, but now felt driven to it by the assaults made upon him; that he was absent from the vote on the bill simply through fatigue, but well knowing that his vote was not necessary to its triumph. In support of his statement with regard to the difference between the House and Senate bills, he then quoted Mr. Conkling's language on the previous day, but, we regret to say, after examining the report in the *Globe*, misquoted it, or rather misrepresented it somewhat grossly. He rested his assertion about the treatment of the loyal Virginian deputation by the Judiciary Committee on a citation of a statement made to Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, by one of the deputation; but, while admitting that this testimony was overruled by that of the members of the Judiciary Committee, insinuated that he knew what kind of answer they would have got from Mr. Trumbull *if they had applied*. In support of his assertions about the condition of Virginia, he then read several anonymous letters—one from Hampton, another from Richmond, one from "an old farmer between sixty and seventy years of age." He also read extracts from a report of a violent speech of Governor Walker in the Shenandoah Valley, which, he said, had been supplied to him while he sat at his desk that day, and followed it by a resolution of the Virginian Republican Committee, testifying to "the spotless honor, unwavering loyalty, and unparalleled disinterestedness of Mr. C. H. Porter." As to

the trial of this gentleman before the Military Commission in 1864, "the history of it is well known to the people of Virginia," said the resolution; "but it has not caused them to withdraw their confidence from Mr. Porter."

Mr. Trumbull's argument against the insertion of conditions in the State constitutions is, in substance, that they must be in the nature of things futile, no certain remedy being provided in case of their violation; that, if not futile, they destroy the equal union of the States, by creating two classes of States, the conditioned and the unconditioned—the former inferior to the latter in power and dignity; and that, therefore, in putting an end to the equality of States before the law, a deadly blow is aimed at the national unity, and the door opened to endless attempts on the part of powerful majorities to impose their will on the minority—every word of which must commend itself to every thinking man, and to every man who sees beyond his own nose, which, in the case of an inflamed politician, means beyond the next State election. There is no safety for the nation but in the subjection of all to a common yoke, the same in Virginia as in New York. The best thing that can be said for the Virginia conditions is, that they are only to take effect on the occurrence of improbable contingencies; and that the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment will soon render them useless, even in the eyes of those who composed them. Mr. Wells, the late Governor of Virginia, and the defeated Radical candidate in the late election, who may fairly be supposed to know something about the condition of the State, has written an admirable letter on the subject, which was read by Mr. Trumbull in the debate, in one paragraph of which he says:

"We have arrived, it seems to me, at a stage in the work of Reconstruction when it is utterly idle to attempt the correction of any evil which may exist here by a longer denial of Federal representation to the State. No Conservative or Democrat will be made a Republican; no bitterness will be assuaged, no ostracism be abated, nor any spirit of amnesty be encouraged, or oblivion for the past be secured by either an exclusion of the State or individuals from any of the rights which belong to the most favored of States or citizens. Whether such desirable results were ever likely to be secured by test-oaths and disfranchisements or not, it is certain they can have no such operation from this time forward."

Mississippi, a State where hitherto, from the days when its bottom lands were first settled, down to the days of General Gillem, the negro has been of as little importance as anywhere else in the world outside of a slaver, has just sent to Washington the first colored United States Senator. He is a Mr. Revels, a mulatto, who is said to be a man of good character and fair ability. He goes to complete a term, and will stay about a year. For the term ending in 1875, General Ames is elected, and for that ending in 1877, General Alcorn. General Ames's election is the fulfilment of a Democratic prediction, which we had not been believing would come true; but it has, and we know, certainly, of no reason, so far as concerns General Ames's character, why we should not acquiesce willingly. But we confess to a sort of unwillingness that any man who has so much arbitrary power in a State as the General, who commands it as a military district, should obtain the highest prize which the State, as a civil organization, has within its gift. What is the effect of such elections on the mind of the average Southerner?

Elsewhere, the South offers no news of political interest. It is, perhaps, not necessary for us to advise our readers not to give themselves too much uneasiness about the fortunes of the Mr. Bryant of whom the Georgia telegrams have had so much to tell us recently. He belongs to a class of devoted friends of Reconstruction who are abundantly able to take excellent care of their own interests. His friends praise him as a man of probity and courage, an enlightened statesman, a disinterested friend of the negro, and as being otherwise worthy of the confidence and admiration of good Republicans. To which his enemies reply, that all this was in some previous state of existence, and that, so far as our age knows him, he is a man of very slender abilities, and not of lion-like courage, who, no doubt, will pursue politics in Georgia as long as politics in Georgia afford him a not too laborious means of subsistence. He was once, some six years ago, an officer in a Maine

regiment, which he left, before it had seen much service, to recruit for a colored regiment, of which, however, he did not obtain command, and since then he has lived in Augusta, and latterly has had politics for a profession. Nothing of importance is to be expected of him—nothing, we think, at once very bad and important, and nothing important and good. His prominence speaks ill for the intellectual capacity of the Republican portion of the Georgia Legislature; but we suppose him to be morally the equal, if not the superior, of Governor Bullock, whom he is now fighting. He seems to have the aid of the moderate Democrats in this warfare, but how the negroes will finally declare themselves is not known. As interesting as any of the non-political news from the South, is the statement that, during the eight weeks ending on December 31, the number of persons passing through Memphis, from Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, and East Tennessee, on their way, most of them, to Arkansas, was no less than 3,175. Most of them have some means, and are leaving poor farms for richer land. About 400 of them go to Texas, and all speak of many more who will follow them.

The mode in which the Georgia Legislature is being organized has come up for discussion in the House, on an enquiry as to the authority under which a board of military officers appointed by General Terry were acting in determining the qualifications of the members. General Butler said that they were following the precedent set by General Meade when the first Legislature was summoned; but in this General Butler is mistaken. What General Meade did was to apply to the Judiciary and Reconstruction Committees of the House, both of which contained some of the most advanced Radicals of the present age—Mr. Boutwell, for one—for instructions on this point, and they both telegraphed to him that the Legislature was the proper judge of the qualifications of its own members; and they were right. A legislature the members of which are selected or sifted by a military board is a mockery and a delusion. The very spectacle of such an organization is more demoralizing to the people who witness it, we venture to say, than ten years of simple military government would be. However, it may safely be said that the worst is now over. The debate and vote on the Virginia bill, and Mr. Wells's letter, show clearly that the sentiment of the country has set too strongly against continued coercion as a means of restoring the Union to make longer persistence in it possible, and we shall probably, as soon as we get rid of the Georgia scrape, see no more of it.

In South Carolina, however, the white officials are reported to be throwing aside all show of respect for their negro constituents, and are ceasing to invite colored persons to their parties and receptions. An indictment has also been found against the manager of the Opera at Charleston for refusing to admit whites and blacks promiscuously to the boxes; but the trial has been postponed till May, when the opera season will be over. It is conceded that his obeying the law would ruin him, as the whites would all withdraw, and negro patronage is not sufficient to keep an opera going in Charleston. At the same time, the State Superintendent of Education has recommended the assignment of separate schools to the children of the two races—another sign, not of the revival of white prejudice, for that has never declined, but of the rising political importance of the white element in the population. We have felt all along that this was sure to come, that the political arrangements made by the Reconstruction process were too artificial to last, and that, the pressure of Federal power once removed, society and politics at the South would rearrange themselves according to the training and character of the people, and that the negroes would have in the long run to win social consideration and political weight by their own energy, and ability, and skill. This, of course, makes the reorganization of Southern society on the basis of natural right and justice a long process; but Southern society labors under no peculiar disability in this respect. All societies and all races have had or will have the same sorrowful story to tell. Caste feeling cannot be wholly destroyed by the growing enlightenment of the upper class; most of the work has to be done by the lower class; and the part of Government in the transformation is the provision of a fair field for all.

In the meantime, we trust charitable Northern people will not suppose that all necessity for caring for the blacks is now over. There is not a State in the South in which there will be for years any frank or hearty disposition on the part of the whites to assist in educating the colored population, or assisting in any way in their mental and moral development. No colleges will be provided for them, and it will be fortunate if they even get the benefit of a good common-school system. It will, therefore, be no easy matter for them to achieve social equality and that real political power which is made up of wealth and intelligence. Northern people who want to help them, therefore, would do well to give to the schools which some admirable Northern men and women are conducting for their benefit, not only the sums which go to pay for lectures on "the sin of caste," but whatever else they can afford. To one of these—an industrial school, with a farm attached, under the superintendence of General Armstrong, at Hampton, Va.—we have already called attention. It is doing excellent work, but under great difficulties, and without getting, or being likely to get, a particle of help from the State. Every intelligent colored farmer, mechanic, or teacher it turns out, we may rely on it, is worth more to the negro race than ten courses of lyceum lectures on the Rights of Man or the Jurisprudence of Utopia.

The New York Democrats, in recalling the State's ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, would seem to have given one more proof that the Democracy of the Empire State may be very sharp managers in local politics, but that they are as fit to shape the party's national policy as the Democracy of the State of Delaware. In fact, their complete ascendancy in this city and Brooklyn makes them either blind or indifferent to the interests of the party at large; or else they are getting too entirely under the control of the ignorant and vicious horde of voters whom they have used all these years, and who now choose to use them. The Amendment is on the point of adoption—and this whether or not we are to count the ratification of New York or that of Indiana. In the latter State, as our readers recollect, the Democratic members of the Legislature defeated, or tried to defeat, the Amendment through a trick. But now both those States may be dispensed with. The Democrats of Ohio, too, overreached themselves in their action in this matter, and did so twice. First, they rescinded the ratifying vote, and thus cumbered themselves with a "record" that will do them harm, and make right action in the future more difficult and success more doubtful; and, secondly, in the last election, indulging a hope of drawing off Republican votes in Cincinnati, they shared nominations with a certain small clique of disaffected Republicans. But they carried the city and county by their own proper votes, their Republican allies casting but a beggarly number; and to the three or four Cincinnati Republicans elected by Democratic ballots we owe the renewed ratification by Ohio. It is from the South, apparently, that the Democracy is to get its leaders. When secession came, the brains seem to have gone out of it—either into the Republican party or into rebellion.

The detailed account of the Noir murder and the proceedings consequent on it in the Corps Législatif, show the ministry in even a more favorable light than we last week ventured to look for. The funeral was an immense demonstration, but care was taken not to interfere with it in any way, or to make any show of force with regard to it. It was only when it was all over, and the mischievous element in the crowd formed itself into an immense and noisy procession and marched down the Champs Élysées with threatening cries, that it was confronted and dispersed by a small body of cavalry with the aid of a sharp shower of rain—Rochefort, who was at its head, being allowed to pass on quietly. The language of Rochefort in the Chamber, in his interpellation of the Minister, was that of a rather silly rowdy. He wanted to have Pierre Bonaparte "judged by the population themselves," because Noir, the murdered man, "was a child of the people;" enquired "whether they were living under Bonapartes or Borgias;" and finally "called upon all citizens to arm and administer justice themselves." M. Ollivier's reply was perfectly firm, straightforward, and sensible. He said the Prince should be tried according to the law of the land as

it stood, and not according to anybody's view of what the law ought to be; that the propriety of having an exceptional tribunal for members of the Imperial family was a question for ulterior consideration; that in the meantime he, "faithful to democratic principles, would subject both great and small to the justice of the country." The "High Court," before which the Prince is to be tried, is composed of three or four of the ordinary judges, and a jury made of members of the councils-general of the different departments. The councils-general are composed of local magnates, landed proprietors, manufacturers, and other persons of means or position. The constitution of the court, indeed, is such as to render a fair trial far more likely than if the prisoner were arraigned before a Paris jury, where the excitement is at fever heat, and the whole population divided into two hostile camps.

It seems that after all Cardinal Schwartzenberg has summoned up courage to sign the protest, which it was believed at first he would decline to sign, against the Pope's method of dealing with the bishops, and that a considerable number of the German and French members of the Council are really roused so far as to be ready to go home if certain concessions are not made to them in the matter of freedom of speech and of reading. We say "it seems," because it is really impossible to trust implicitly to any account of the Council's doings. Cardinal Mathieu has gone back to Paris, it is said, in disgust, and the difficulties which are springing up around the prelates of the more advanced communities, owing to the Pope's designs against literature, science, and modern ideas, are believed to be daily increasing. The Pope appears to be quite unconscious of the appearance some of the positions announced in his Syllabus wear in the darker parts of the earth, and his pretensions as to his own position in the Church are raising the question, What is the use of the bishops, and why ever call a Council?

The latest news of the Russian plans with regard to Central Asia is both curious and interesting. The Russians are slowly, but carefully and surely, pushing forward their outposts in that direction, and unquestionably to the great advantage of civilization; but their great object now, it is announced, is to develop in that region the cultivation of cotton, so as to make Russian manufacturers independent of America. The advantage of that market would be not only that it would be cheap, but that Russia would have an absolute monopoly of it, it being over her soil only that Central Asian products would have any outlet. The first thing to be done, however, is to open easy means of communication. It is now a two months' journey from Moscow to Turkestan; longer still for caravans. It is therefore proposed, and Russian engineers are actually making surveys for the purpose, to turn the Amu Daria, which now flows into the Sea of Aral, back into the old bed, through which, in ancient times, it ran into the Caspian. This would give water communication from Moscow almost to the foot of the Himalayas. The other difficulties in the way of commerce which the Russian Government have under consideration are monetary or social. The coins used in Turkestan are unknown in Russia and inconvertible at home; and there are, of course, no banks. Then a firm at Moscow, sending out a venture, cannot expect to turn their money over in less than a year, or get news of it in less than four months, and the incessant political disturbances in those regions cause sudden and enormous fluctuations in the value of goods from week to week. The exports to Russia are almost entirely cotton, but this trade is kept down also by the trader's uncertainty, after buying at Tashkend, as to what he may find the price when he gets to Moscow. Moreover, the petty chiefs have preserved the mediæval custom of levying tolls on merchants, and the St. Petersburg *Golos* tells of one trader who, on his way home from India, through Afghanistan, was made to pay toll eighteen times between Peshawur and Karshi. The worst of it is that these potentates have no more notion that there is anything illegitimate in this than Mr. Boutwell has that there is anything discreditable in his customs receipts. The work before Russia is, it will thus be easily seen, an immense one, but a more beneficent one no nation has ever undertaken.

A POLITICAL NUISANCE.

If it is true that there comes a moment in battle when the best general, after putting his last man into the fight, can do nothing more, but must stand still and wait the event, it seems as though General Grant might, in the present condition of things, at least feel a melancholy satisfaction in tracing the analogy between the art of government and the art of war. It happened, too, more than once during the rebellion, that his most elaborate plans were upset by friends or enemies, and he was left to struggle along as he best could to the end, with only his faculty of silent endurance to rely upon. Politically, he is already in a very similar situation. He met Congress with a plan of joint action—a plan neither so bold nor so liberal as it might have been, but still his own, such as it was. The struggle of conflicting interests in Congress has already caused a scene of confusion, in the midst of which it is impossible to decide who is losing or who is gaining ground; but it is tolerably evident that the new President, whatever may be his good-will or anxiety, must sit, with his Cabinet, and look on, but is neither likely to be obeyed nor listened to should he undertake to do more.

This is the part of the Virginia transaction which is best worth comment. Every one knows the situation of Virginia. Whether as a constitutional, or social, or partisan question, the argument is, to say the least, somewhat threadbare. Most persons are probably a good deal surprised to find it again filling the press and stirring up another storm in the Senate, and it is safe to say that few persons expected such a result less than the President himself when he penned the business-like paragraph in his Message relating to the subject. He had, as he supposed, avoided his predecessor's mistake of having a policy in opposition to Congress, and he had escaped the danger of a disagreement by adopting the Congressional plan of Reconstruction, executing without favor a scheme in which every one appeared to acquiesce. The House of Representatives sustained him and agreed to follow his lead. It is true there was a struggle; but the Administration was in the end fairly and frankly sustained. No sooner, however, does the Senate take up the subject than it becomes perfectly clear that General Grant is but little better off in 1870 than Andrew Johnson in 1865. The same difficulties arise, and the old wounds bleed afresh. Any one who has labored through or over the late debates in the Senate, as published in the *Globe*, can scarcely be in a condition to form any sensible conclusion in regard to them. His mind will lose its elasticity under such a weight of bad law, bad logic, and bad temper, and such intolerable iteration of commonplace ideas. Yet, even in its most stupefied state, the reader's brain must be conscious of a glimmering spark of curiosity to know what is the secret of all the words thus wasted. One searches painfully for a clue. What was the Senate driving at? It certainly did not want to keep Virginia out of the Union. This is not urged. It is equally certain that no conditions or "understandings" will give the Government any more control over the State than it now has and always must have by virtue of the precedent it has already established in the case of Georgia. There seems in common sense to be only one alternative to letting Virginia in; which is, to keep her out. As Hallam somewhere says about the controversy of the Real Presence, in the nature of things there could be but two opinions on the subject; for what *can* be predicated concerning a body in its relation to a given space, but presence and absence? The Senate has discovered a third predicate, and the most important of all—its own predominant power, and its determination to make that power felt.

It is, no doubt, slightly immoral to make fun of individuals who believe themselves to be inspired by a great principle; but to a person who believes with equal energy that the only great principle involved in the present instance is the very mischievous principle that the Senate means to reassert and maintain at any cost its hold upon power, its initiative in every branch of administration—that it intends to gratify on every possible occasion its mania for humiliating the President, and guiding the lower House, or deluding it with the notion that it is itself the driver—there is apt to appear something very ridiculous in the reasons given by senators for showing their self-importance and their individual power. There is in some of them a degree of *naïveté*—a simple unconscious-

ness of their own ruling passion—an untutored awkwardness in concealing their weakness—which is an irresistible attraction, and a never-ending amusement to the spectator. The debate on Virginia has proved rich in this sort of harvest. Senators were driven to their wits' end for reasons to justify their course. They swept the gutters for arguments, and each man's reasoning seems to be an unconscious imitation and almost a burlesque of himself. In some cases this is certainly not so obvious as in others, and the reason is evident. There are characters in the world which are themselves by nature very near a burlesque, and usually ridiculous. But there are others which are not so near the ground. Mr. Sumner, for example, has a magnificent history. He has dealt with great ideas, which, so long as he sticks to them, will always hold him up, but which are dangerous and slippery when abused. Perhaps the most dramatically effective scene Mr. Sumner could have arranged would have been his rising before an astonished Senate, a month ago, and announcing that the time of violence had passed, and that he, with his grand confidence in human nature and democratic progress, was also determined to throw military government to the dogs, and trust to the slow but healthy processes of natural development in the reconstructed States. Had he then, with his usual classical research, closed with, *Hic victor cestus artemque repono*, or *Lenit albescens animos capillus*, or *Eregi monumentum are perennius*, or some other appropriate text, taken like these from the less familiar Latin authors, he would have sat down the most popular and perhaps the most powerful man in the United States. But such a happy delivery is not in the style of great senators. With a degree of gravity worthy of old days, when he was almost alone in the assertion of great principles in the Senate, he announced to mankind that the Governor lately elected by the people of Virginia was a "pivot;" that the pivot had spoken disrespectfully of something which Mr. Sumner declared to be the New England common-school system; that the New England common-school system was the pride and glory of his constituents; and that, until the people of Virginia were taught by the Senate that their Governor must admire everything that was admired by Mr. Sumner's constituents, they must be kept under police supervision. This is no exaggeration of the character of Mr. Sumner's remarks. If they seem ridiculous, the ridicule is his own. All we can be charged with is an attempt to supply a little logic, a matter in regard to which Mr. Sumner is apt to be a trifle negligent. The whole strain of Mr. Sumner's remarks is pitched in the same falsetto—a burlesque of himself. In the effort to show a respectable reason or excuse for wielding the whole power of the Senate—for snubbing the President, the Cabinet, and the House of Representatives—for assuming the charge of administration and legislation at once—Mr. Sumner travesties himself, and turns the noble common-school system of New England into a caricature of his old appeals to the moral force of liberty.

It would be interesting to know what the President thinks of the progress of his campaign. It is best to believe that he feels flattered by the treatment he received in the person of his Attorney-General, and that he entirely coincides with the Senate in breaking down what no one in these days has yet dared to call "his policy" of Reconstruction. He is probably gratified, too, when so sober and sensible a person as Mr. Dawes is led away by the same spirit to make an attack on the Administration, which is absolutely unjustifiable unless Mr. Dawes had taken every means to verify it, and given the amplest private notice to the officials he attacked. The old spirit of nagging the Executive is still so powerful as to mislead even a man like Mr. Dawes into gratuitous attacks in a place where he knows that the Administration can only defend itself at a serious disadvantage. This spirit grows out of vanity and ostentation, just as much in the legislature as a body as in individual legislators, and is just as much of a nuisance.

THE PUBLIC CREDIT.

THE reason why American securities stand lower in the money markets of the world than those of any other power, except Turkey and Egypt—two semi-barbarous Mussulman states—lower than even those of the Argentine Republic, is a very interesting topic of discussion, particularly just now, when we want to convert our debt, at a

reduced rate of interest. It is confidently believed by many persons, Mr. Sumner and the Secretary of the Treasury amongst the number, that, if we can only manage to withdraw from the market our present nominal six per cent. bonds, on which, at present prices, holders actually receive seven per cent., we can induce Englishmen and Dutchmen, who refuse to hold our present bonds at less than seven per cent., to buy from \$1,200,000,000 to \$1,500,000,000 of the new ones, paying from four to five per cent. On what this expectation is based, neither these gentlemen, however, nor anybody else, has ever ventured to say. Our issuing a bond and agreeing to pay four per cent. interest on it will not make it a four per cent. bond. No matter what figures it may bear on its face, buyers will estimate its value in their own way, and will only take it at a price which will make the interest sufficiently high to cover what they consider the risk of holding it. In other words, there is not the slightest reason for believing that, if we issued a four per cent. bond to-morrow, we could sell it in London or Amsterdam at any figure which would give the buyer less than seven per cent. on the investment—that is to say, we should have to submit to a discount of about forty per cent. on it. This is not pleasant, but it has to be looked in the face. It must be admitted, too, that it is puzzling, in the teeth of the fact that every Northern State is rapidly reducing its indebtedness; that the country is growing at an unparalleled rate in wealth and resources; that our national obligations have thus far been promptly met, and that there is every year a large surplus in the Treasury, and that Congress has confirmed in the most solemn manner the national obligation to pay the national debt in coin, and still more recently has emphatically rebuked all talk of repudiation. On the surface there is, indeed, no such investment in the world as United States bonds. But Europeans distrust them evidently. Why do they do so?

Sir Curtis Lampson ascribes it, in a recent letter to the *London Times*, to the history of the Erie Railroad, in which the monstrous revelation has been made that a gang of scoundrels can take possession of one of the greatest lines of communication in the country, and secure the connivance and support of the Legislature, the Governor, and the courts in cheating the creditors and stockholders of the company, and can even secure the aid of the United States Assistant Treasurer in bulling the gold market and plunging the commercial community into confusion. Unquestionably this has produced a profound impression abroad. Nothing scares money-lenders so much as the belief that the courts of justice of a country are not to be depended on; and, what is nearly as bad, that the bar is not to be depended on; and that this impression has got abroad about the bar of New York is a very disagreeable truth, and for its spread the bar itself is to blame. The total silence and apparent acquiescence and participation of New York lawyers in the recent judicial scandals, have furnished matter for astonishment and worse to their legal brethren and the general public of other countries.

But then the Erie frauds are only one of the causes which are injuring American credit abroad. Like most other phenomena of the same class, it has several. Of these others, one of the most powerful is the condition of the *Alabama* question. There is in the facts of the case nothing very alarming to a capitalist. Great Britain has, to all intents and purposes, acknowledged her liability for the damage done to American commerce by cruisers fitted out in her ports; and this damage is computable, and does not amount in the aggregate to a very large sum. But the persistent way in which the moral side of the quarrel is dwelt on by the United States opens up a field of controversy which is in its very nature immeasurable—the limits or outlets of which nobody can see. If a man claims damages for the burning of his house, it is easy to calculate what will satisfy his claim; but if he says he wants satisfaction for wounds to his honor or feelings, no looker-on has any means of judging how the quarrel will end. Moreover, there is to the European mind something alarming in the pertinacity with which the discussion about the date of the belligerency proclamation is kept up, even by Mr. Fish, who acknowledges that the issue of the proclamation was a discretionary act; and with which even he avoids saying what it is he seeks in settlement of the dispute.

This avoidance by the new Administration of a definition of the nature of the satisfaction expected, coupled with the newspaper rumors which come from Washington that the hope of a cession of the British possessions on this continent is privately cherished in political circles, naturally gives the political horizon a cloudy look, and makes European capitalists turn to other fields of investment than the United States. We have no doubt that a frank statement by Mr. Fish of the kind and degree of atonement which the United States expects for the injuries received from England during the war would have a very favorable effect on the public credit, even if it was not considered reasonable. There is nothing which creates more distrust than what appears to be a desire to keep a quarrel open; and to this imputation an offended party always exposes himself when he refuses to say what he wants. A definite claim once made, the ground is at least laid for a compromise.

Another circumstance which affects our credit unfavorably in Europe is the impression of instability of policy created by the dealings of the House with the public credit, and of the Senate with the St. Thomas treaty. The late votes of the House in support of the public credit do not produce as much effect abroad as they ought, because they are not looked on as the expressions of a fixed determination or settled conviction. It is not forgotten that the same men who voted that the public debt should be paid in coin, and repudiated Mr. Mungen's advocacy of bad faith, a few short months previously voted with General Butler to reduce the interest on the public debt, and that a very large portion of the Republican party in the House have passed almost absolutely under the leadership of that remarkable statesman, and are ready for anything he may propose, and he has taken every pains to give the world to know that he does not consider the public creditor a person deserving of much consideration.

The conduct of the Senate in the St. Thomas matter, too, is taken to indicate a decline on the part of that body of the sense of corporate obligation—and even of the sense of national continuity—and has infused into the minds of many foreigners a doubt as to where the seat of political responsibility in this community lies. There are three branches of the organized government, and behind these there is the people, and if each of the four feels itself at full liberty to stand on its rights, and repudiate regular engagements made with foreigners, simply because made by unpopular agents, foreigners ask, With whom is it safe to treat? A foolish question, perhaps, but still a fact. And then, besides all these, there is the growing suspicion throughout Europe of the state of things which Mr. C. F. Adams, jr., has described in the last number of the *North American Review*, and which may be briefly described by saying that there is a conflict going on between the great moneyed corporations and our political system, in which the political system is getting the worst of it, and that what the result will be nobody yet knows. The corporations are well organized, composed of the ablest men in the nation, have "perfect machinery of combination and perpetuity," and employ the best agents they can get, pay them highly, and stimulate their zeal in every mode that experience of human nature can suggest. Their antagonist is an unwieldy body, the personnel of which not only changes from year to year, but consists, under the caucus system and "rotation," of very ordinary men, very poorly paid, and in constant anxiety about their future, under no sort of discipline, and slenderly influenced by either habits or tradition. That they are an easy prey to their powerful foe is no wonder.

These are, of course, not pleasant things to say; but then the facts we are trying to describe are not pleasant, and they have nevertheless to be weighed by thoughtful men. For our own part, we doubt if the public mind has ever since the foundation of the Government been in healthier condition in all that concerns the public credit than it is at this moment. The people have not shown, under the most tremendous pressure, the slightest sign of flinching from their responsibilities. There is no debt in the world, we venture to say, which rests on so sound and sure a basis as the debt of this country; and we doubt if a more hopeful phenomenon has ever been witnessed in political history than the rapidity with which a true appreciation of the condition of credit, and of the value of it, has been diffused through the commu-

nity by mere discussion during the last three or four years. The difficulty now is that the organized mode of expressing the popular will on the great questions of the day is singularly imperfect, owing, as we have often said already, to the rise into power and influence, through the events of the war, of a class of statesmen whose whole political experience and ability lie in the stimulation of emotion, and who are wanting in the habits of mind, as well as the kind of knowledge, which the business of a great nation absolutely requires. There will have to be an overhauling of our legislative and administrative machinery, we may depend upon it, before we go much further; and many worthy as well as unworthy men, who have done good service in their day, will have to yield the field to others perhaps in some ways less respectable, but in most ways more useful.

EDITORIAL PERSPECTIVE.

It has sometimes been thought by persons of a reforming turn of mind that a great improvement might be made in journalism by the omission from the columns of newspapers of all editorial discussion. If newspapers, it has been said, were confined strictly to their proper function of collecting and distributing the news of the day, it is highly probable that, as newspapers, they would be greatly improved; while the loss to the public of the lucubrations of the publicists and philosophers who discuss the topics of the day, in large type, on page 4, would not be very great. The two functions, it has been urged—the editor's and the reporter's—are really incompatible, from the fact that the interest of the latter in the journal with which he is connected is strictly scientific, while that of the former is purely practical. The business of the reporter, of the correspondent, of the "commissioner," is simply the business of minute and at the same time comprehensive enquiry; while that of the editor is generally the furtherance of some practical scheme—such as the extinction of slavery, the extension of the suffrage, the acquisition of territory, the depression or the advance of shares in the capital stock of "some great national enterprise," located in the neighborhood of the editor's native town. It must be evident to the meanest intellect that the practical turn which invariably characterizes the editor is likely to work sad havoc among the facts scientifically collated and presented for his consideration by the reporter. For example, the latter, after diligent enquiry on the market-place, comes to the conclusion that Mariposa or Pacific Mail is not so likely to rise as to fall; that its liabilities far exceed its assets; that it does not declare dividends; and that the financiers who control its operations are received with the eye of suspicion by the business community. But the editor, to whom these facts are communicated, "believes in" Mariposa or Pacific Mail, as the case may be, and, accordingly, in large type, on page 4, we find the well-known article beginning, "There are always some persons in every community who are ready, on the slightest occasion, to backbite and slander; and, therefore, we have not been surprised at seeing, in late issues of some of our contemporaries, malignant allusions and misstatements, evidently designed to injure the financial reputation of a great enterprise," etc., etc., and ending, "In conclusion, we can only say that we have always believed, and shall always continue to believe, in the final success of this great undertaking, the desperate sneers of those who have taken stock in rival projects to the contrary notwithstanding." Of course, the tendency of the reporter, after the appearance of this editorial, is to take his cue from it, and to paint in much more glowing colors the condition and prospects of Mariposa or Pacific Mail. And so it is perpetually. The moment the facts of a case become disagreeable to an editor, from that moment the facts as they appear in his non-editorial columns undergo a metamorphosis. By some means or other, the facts and the journal's preconceptions of them must accord with each other; and in the process it is generally the facts which suffer. The reporter's nature is an exceedingly sensitive one, and the expression of editorial opinion acts upon it with a sudden and irresistible power. As the warmth of the sun in spring opens the teeming earth, so does an editorial of the right sort bring to the surface of his mind a thousand happy fancies, which sprout and bud into approved facts; while not the bitter cold of winter itself is more potent to congeal the fruitful soil than is a leading article of another kind to freeze into icy silence the sources of his information. Soon he learns instinctively what to disclose, what to hide away, when to report broadly, when to hint a doubt, where openly to deny. In short, he is no longer a reporter, but a retained attorney for the prosecution of the editor's pet schemes. Hence the complaint that newspapers are not trustworthy, and the proposed reform. Separate the editorial function from the

other, and there will be no conflict. If we could only have newspapers which simply professed to give the news, we might begin to get some glimmering of truth from them.

Perhaps, some day or other, this may take place, though we very much doubt it, for man's love of power is a natural and a strong one, and the journalist is very unlikely to care to surrender his double authority of distribution of news and public exhorter so long as he can help it. All the news comes to him in the ordinary course of events, and shall he not say his say about it? Shall he yield that most delightful of all human opportunities to another? Not if he knows it, probably. But suppose he does abdicate. Does any one fondly imagine that, by the extrusion from newspapers of the editorial part, the desired result of a perfect "newspaper" would be the result? Far from it; the selection of news is as difficult as any part of the work, and for such work we not only seem to have among us few competent minds, but, worse than this, the tendency of all newspaper training seems to be to take away whatever natural fitness nature may have originally provided. What is wanted is, in one word, a sense of perspective. In order to select and arrange news, the first thing for a journalist is to be able to distinguish between what is important and what is unimportant, what is true and what is false, what ought to be given to the world and what to the fire. The popular impression is that news comes to newspapers as rain and sunshine do to the earth, without any unpleasant human exertion whatever, and all the journalist has to do when he goes down to his office is to print whatever the bountiful hand of Providence has sent to the shop. But the fact, as the professional reader will readily agree, is quite otherwise. What he really does is to survey an immense field of fact, rumor, and fancy, and to make a "composition" of it, throwing into relief what touches, or ought to touch, the public most nearly, and keeping in the shade what is doubtful, irrelevant, or in its nature private. The effect is completely in his power. The difference between brevier and bourgeois is the difference between an audience of fifty and an audience of fifty thousand. The sensational lines at the head of a column make what is printed below them the town-talk; the omission of them remits the whole matter to obscurity. Better still, the total omission of all mention of a particular topic ensures entire oblivion. The journalist's right to his title, then, depends altogether upon his sense of perspective. If he puts the unimportant news in the foreground and the important news out of sight, he has no right to exist.

And yet this distortion of perspective is what some of the gentlemen who conduct the daily press seem to consider their charter of success. To prove what we say, let us point out two or three most signal instances. There is, as most of our readers must be painfully aware, a column of telegrams from Europe in every issue of the daily papers, which editors are accustomed to refer to as furnishing the latest "foreign intelligence." One of the chief occupations of the Associated Press agent who sends these despatches, a short time since, was sending over the Cable every morning a long extract from the London *Times* leader on French affairs. The extracts were generally to the point, that, unless somebody did something pretty soon, somebody else was more than likely to do something he had not yet done. There seemed no reason for sending them; they were neither wise nor witty nor especially well written. They were ordinary *Times* editorials on foreign affairs, such as come out every morning in London, and attract no one's attention. They were not half as entertaining to us as extracts from the *Tribune's* foreign editorials would be to those on the other side; the latter would be suggestive, at all events, and in more ways than one. Yet these extracts were solemnly printed, day after day, in our leading journals, as containing news of the first importance. But, strange as all this was, how much stranger when the whole thing was one fine morning stopped! If they had ever been important, they had not ceased to be so. If they had never been important, why had the confiding public been imposed upon?

A more remarkable case was the celebrated Curtis-Churchill nose-pulling affray in Boston, last fall. Two gentlemen riding in the cars have an altercation, and one pulls the other's nose. Surely this is a strictly private affair, with which the public has no concern. Yet mark the result. The nose-puller is tried for assault and battery, and the Boston newspapers at once elevate the trial to the rank of a *cause célèbre*. A trivial encounter in a railroad-car is painted by the journalistic instructors of mankind as another episode in the long battle between tyranny and liberty, the prosecution of Curtis becomes "a manly blow struck for the right," and Churchill finds himself a martyr. The walls are rent, the graves open, and the lights burn blue. It turns out that Curtis is a "Beacon Street aristocrat," and his assault an attempt to "establish caste." One would have said, to read

the Boston papers, that New England was on the eve of a social uprising.

The other day, when Mrs. McFarland-Richardson was plunged in the deepest affliction by events of which everybody had been informed through the enterprise of the daily press, a reporter was sent to Boston to see her, and report for the journal with which he was connected her condition and feelings. In this he failed; but not to be baffled, he set about discovering whom he might interview, and his memory recalled to him the name of Fisk, Jr. Fisk, it is true, lives in New York, but Mrs. Fisk lives in Boston, and there had been stories of matrimonial difficulties between the two. The reporter straightway rings Mrs. Fisk's bell, and proceeds to take down what she may have to say on her relations with her husband. Next day, as usual, the public is regaled with full particulars of the conversation. But the most astounding illustration of the want of a sense of moral and intellectual perspective in the very class whose business it is to put the events of the day before the public in their true relations to other events, has been furnished within the past few weeks by the Cooke case. The Rev. Horace Cooke, an obscure Methodist minister, elopes with an utterly unknown school-girl, leaving behind him a wife and family. A case can hardly be imagined in which the public have as little interest as this, to say nothing of the exquisite cruelty to the families involved in publicity. Quite otherwise did it seem to the editorial eye. The story is raked out in all its disgusting details; column after column is devoted to a discussion of the crime; Cooke's history is given; the causes which led to his sin are analyzed; and the whole country is scoured for *mémoires pour servir*. A petty scandal swells to the dimensions of a public calamity. Cooke favors the public with a card, and assaults an editor, and the reporter of the *Tribune* interviews Mrs. Cooke—no other being admitted—(private and exclusive information about her feelings only to be found in the columns of that great daily). What an odd condition the editorial eye must be in when metropolitan papers have come to this!

FRANCE.—THE NEW REVOLUTION.

PARIS, January 7, 1870.

THE importance of what has passed and is passing is simply incalculable. It is a revolution, and the greatest one that has been witnessed since that of July, 1830.

A few words will prove this: After the exhaustion of France by the sanguinary and tyrannical rule of the first Napoleon, she fell into a mixed state, half of anxiety for freedom, half of lethargy. Louis XVIII., had he lived, would have led France into a really liberal and safe constitutionalism of the British type. A narrow-minded, foolish, bigoted prince ascended the throne, and the real work of compression began. From 1826 to 1830 it was the same form of compression that we have suffered from for eighteen years under Louis Napoleon. It was not the active, aggressive tyranny that Italy and Hungary, for instance, writhed under while Austria reigned supreme in both Milan and Pesth—it was not cruel, it was stupefying. There was just the sort of difference which the law makes between poisoning and any more violent shape of murder. Extinction of life was the result in both cases, but it was less horrible and ghastly in one case than in the other.

Well, I repeat it, from 1826 to 1830, the attempt to extinguish the nation was actively pursued: it was pursued by religious bigotry and by civil persecution. The intelligence and the aspirations of the younger and more generous and nobler of the community were sought to be stifled: that was the object of Government. Those who governed were afraid of those whom they governed. They said daily and hourly to themselves: "If these are thoroughly free to think, speak, write, and act as they choose, we are lost."

Against this it was that the youth of France rose up in rebellion during the three days of 1830. It was in the name of its right to be and to assert itself that the nation put forth its strength, and with one effort swept all before it. On the day after the 29th of July, 1830, in France everything was changed, radically so. Then, for eighteen years, Louis Philippe went on, showing in his mode of reigning that he had but half understood the movement that had brought him to the throne. Still, as it was against no positive fact, against no despotic aggression, that the *faubourgs* rose in 1848, but only against the spirit in which the institutions of the country were applied, the insurrection of February produced no radical change. A reigning family was expelled, and there was for some days a good deal of popular agitation everywhere, but no radical change was ever produced by the Revolution of 1848. During the Republic, France went on as she had done for the last twenty years, and would have con-

tinued "going on" in that fashion, neither better nor worse; but when Louis Napoleon had been president for three years he could not subsist without a total alteration of circumstances. His positive necessity was corruption, therefore tyranny. He must have money. There was the true solution of the enigma. The choice lay between his own existence and a very monstrous political crime: he chose the latter. By the *coup d'état* of 1851 Louis Napoleon simply replaced France in the period between 1826 and 1830. After the first excesses of repression, which were brutal enough, the Emperor Napoleon III. sought to repress the country as gently as possible. "C'est un bon tyran," used to say Victor Cousin, who personally liked him. "C'est la douceur même!" said all those who approached him; and the thing is true. He is a man of peace and dreamy meditation, and all violence annoys and upsets him; but as his necessities were bound up with a system of corruption to which no free country could possibly consent, why, he was obliged to sit upon France; and so he did, deliberately and as benignly as he could. Everything the Empire gave France was falsified. It gave her universal suffrage, and adulterated it; liberty of conscience, and adulterated it—all manner of apparent gifts, but all were poisoned. The net result was, a complete return to the stupefying, brutifying state of the last years of Charles X.

Against this, little by little, sullenly (if you will, peacefully), but doggedly and unremittingly, the nation has for the last three years protested; not actually rebelled or risen, but protested in all the ways that were allowed to it. The Emperor, who had for eighteen years compressed France under the *fac-simile* of the latest Bourbon rule, has now re-enacted the July Revolution; and as France found herself on the 30th July, 1830, after the reign of Charles X., so she finds herself now in the first days of 1870, after the despotism of Napoleon III.

That this is really the case is amply proved to every one who lives in French society and is of it. Unless you go among men of the utterly impractical, brawling, socialistic stamp, you will hear no dissentient voice. You may here and there, in an ultra-Legitimist centre, or in the intimacy of a Court functionary, meet with signs of uneasiness for the future; but in every genuinely liberal, and practical, and reasonable group, of no matter what shade—Right or Left Centre, Orleanist, Parliamentary, or Left—you will hear but the one same word spoken with enthusiasm—"On respire." The real alarm which should be felt by those who have any political experience here is to be formulated in the old, trite expression of "It's all too good to last." There is the danger. Can it last? Can it work? Is it intended that it should endure?

These questions occupy me less, I must avow, than they seem to do those around me, because their answer is to be sought in a different quarter from that to which they are addressed. Their answer depends on the men who are now at the head of affairs; their answer depends no longer on the Emperor. If the new Ministers will determinedly act together, and allow no petty personal causes, no cleverly directed hostile efforts, to disunite them, they may afford to despise utterly any reactionary attempts on the part of the extreme dynastic party, as it is termed. They have now in their hands every instrument by which they can govern France constitutionally; whatever is not yet actually conceded it is in their power easily to obtain. If they do not obtain it, it will be wholly and solely their fault, and they may rely upon it that the blame will fall, as it ought to do, upon them.

Let us grant that the measure of Louis Napoleon's Machiavelism is full, and that he has only permitted the advent to power of the present Ministry the more surely to ruin and discredit the men who become his Ministers; let us grant that his intention is (as his wish very probably may be) to intrigue so cunningly against the new Cabinet that its next successors must be taken from his own *entourage*, and that before a year is out we shall see M. de Forcade Prime Minister, backed by Rouher and Jérôme David, and all the ultras and all the military flunkys. Granted this, what are the possible means to the end? How is Napoleon III. to set about regaining what he has lost? Even if it be supposed that Émile Ollivier can be duped and led by the nose, and made to go precisely the reverse way to that where lie his duty and his fame, why should the others do it?

Neither M. Daru, nor M. de Talhouët, nor M. Chevandier de Valdrôme are men at all likely to be duped or led astray. The two former are hard-headed, business-like, rather narrow, perhaps, but perfectly unsentimental and unidealistic; thoroughly independent and resolute; thoroughly honest, too, and accessible to no temptation. If, in a short time, the dissolution of the Chamber appears indispensable to these men, you may rest assured that the dissolution will take place. But there are two sides to

this question, and here they are: The Chamber is, in its majority, or, rather, by the support of its majority, a great working medium for the new Ministers, and there can be no doubt of the confusion and, perhaps, delay in the adoption of useful steps that would be occasioned by a general election. If, then, a working majority for liberal measures can be secured in the present Chamber by the new Ministers, it might not be unwise to try and govern a year with the present Chamber, however impure may be its origin. You may say: But an assembly of an impure origin cannot be made to furnish a working majority for liberal measures. There is the point for discussion. This identical Chamber, which validated the elections of Messrs. Duvernois, Dréolle, and many others equally corrupt (and invalidated—Heaven knows why—Isaac Péreire's election)—this same Chamber voted into the Presidency the outspoken M. Schneider, and the three Liberal members into the Vice-Presidency which has been their stepping-stone to power.

Many independent and able men think that the present Chamber will furnish any working majority the new Cabinet demands of it. Of the corrupt unavailability of the present Chamber there are doubts; of its wisdom there are none. It is a foolish Chamber, and I believe that to be its true name. But if, with this foolish assembly, a majority can be got for the reform of the laws of May, 1855 (touching the election of mayors and municipal and general councillors), and for the control over the civil list, and for the electoral law, destroying the official candidates—if this can be obtained (and many believe it can be), it would be worth while considering whether the dissolution, being superfluous, would not be detrimental.

One thing is certain: should the Chamber show signs of being an instrument of reaction, true to its vitiated source, the new Ministers would have no choice. They must dissolve ruthlessly, or lose in an hour their hold on public opinion.

ITALIAN POLITICS.

II.

FLORENCE, Jan. 6, 1870.

ONE really finds himself driven to the seemingly fanciful but unavoidable conclusion that the extraordinary warmth of Italian party feeling must be due to mere differences of temper and temperament. And, in fact, on looking attentively towards the three cardinal points of this political compass, we find on the right side of the House all those whom we would call the men of common sense; who can distinguish between essentials and non-essentials; who are moderate in their hopes and fears, ever ready for compromises, and therefore fitted for practical statesmanship; a few of them have something of Cavour's serenity, and also of his craftiness, but without his bold initiative. In the centre, we find a small band of unbending, touchy, cantankerous, elderly pessimists, who enjoy nothing and spoil everybody else's pleasure; who can neither forgive nor forget, nor learn, nor change. Like Æsculapius's daughter, they sit in polar repose, letting the world revolve around them, and praying the gods that the physicians of the body politic may mend their ways and give up killing. They are "all honorable men," but hypochondriacs by nature. We have only to add that all that is excitable, restless, ambitious, and nervous is crowded together at the left extremity of the Italian parliament. If these men are always at loggerheads without any tangible cause, we may well call it a case of incompatibility of temper. This absence of clear and well-defined programmes renders Italian politics difficult to understand. Each party accuses the other of ruining the country: but one never gets beyond these generalities. To judge by their outward demeanor and their ill-suppressed excitement, their grievances and mutual imputations must be terrible indeed; but the forms of politeness being still *de rigueur* in Italy, all personal abuse is done anonymously, so that speeches and newspapers teem with mysterious hints and allusions and insinuations. Slang, too, and nicknames abound; and in this, Italy does not stand alone. America had her Know-Nothings and her Copperheads; England had her Cave and her Adullamites. But behind these terms there were distinct and important meanings. The uninitiated foreigner had to make enquiries, but he learnt something worth knowing. But what does he gain by learning the exact meaning of terms like *Consorteria*, *Permanente*, *Cointeressati*? Let us see.

Consorteria is a part-for-the-whole term, and referred originally to a camarilla or clique of statesmen and generals of the old Piedmontese school, which was suspected of surrounding and influencing the king. The party of action, justly jealous of French influences, held these men responsible for Italy's inactivity with regard to Rome, and especially for the treaty of

September, 1864, sanctioning this inactivity by the transfer of the capital to Florence. The annexed provinces, in their turn, reproached them with having *piedmontized* all Italy, and having swept away much that was valuable in the Tuscan and Neapolitan administrations. Nor were these reproaches altogether unfounded. But the old clique no longer exists as a clique. Neither French influence nor the Piedmontese red-tape has occupied the attention of the public for some time past, but the term *Consorteria* is used as freely as ever, not only for ministries whose Tuscan and Neapolitan elements outweigh the Piedmontese, but for the whole political party which has furnished these elements: that is to say, for the Right.

La Permanente may be freely rendered the *sulkers*. The name was given up in 1868, but nothing else. They, too, were men of the old guard of the Piedmontese parliament, a set of upright but somewhat old-fashioned politicians, who would have given up their beloved Turin for Rome, but not for Florence; and having been thwarted, they went away to their tents, in Achillean wrath, vowing to oppose everything and everybody until they could leave Florence for Rome. It is clear that these men, being the victims of the September treaty, had one grievance at least in common with the Left, which had been the party of action, while in all other respects, and especially by their political antecedents, they belonged to the right side of the house, where they occupy the right centre. They are few in number, and highly respected by both sides, but seem to have some difficulty in reciprocating this feeling. They certainly dislike the men of the Left, and have behaved most shabbily toward them during the late crisis. But what on earth are the *Cointeressati*? Shall we invoke the muses? They would tell a long and ugly tale. It is a pity that the heroes of this epic, which forms the Italian history of this year, cannot be drowned at once in oblivion. Yet a short epitome is necessary to show how fierce and unscrupulous Italian partisans can be.

In its financial distress, the Italian Government, which had always farmed out the tobacco monopoly on terms justifying the expression *amministrazione cointeressata*, contracted a large loan with a joint-stock company, to which the whole business was to be transferred, and which was authorized to issue a certain number of shares. Four or five deputies, but especially the editor of the principal daily paper of Florence, Signor Brenna, and his brother-in-law, Signor Fambri, both belonging to the Right, were suspected of having taken advantage of their position and of having bespoken a few shares at a time when they could feel sure of the passing of the bill, but when the subscription was not yet officially opened to the public. The supposed investments were very small, and it seems strange that the peace of a nation should have been disturbed for a whole year on account of such trifles. Still, morality knows of no trifles, and if there was foul play, the gentlemen of the Left were right in urging the point either privately or publicly, in either case, straightforwardly. But they preferred raising the *venticello della calunnia*, like Don Basilio, feeling sure that the whirlwind and the hurricane would follow without their bidding. In a very short time the whole atmosphere seemed haunted with suspicions, and the papers were filled with such mysterious allusions as to become well-nigh unintelligible. The *Gazzettino Rosa*, of Milan, a little paper whose appearance and smell belie its name most emphatically, outdid all others in slanderous and abusive language, until at last an action for libel was brought against it, which ended in a verdict of guilty. It was a real *cause célèbre* for Italy, the chief witnesses for the defence being Signor Crispi and Major Lobbia, both republicans of the Left.

But while this action was pending, a theft was committed in Florence. A parcel of letters disappeared from Sig. Fambri's desk. After a cautious delay, these letters were allowed to circulate clandestinely among the *élite* of the Left. One after the other of these gentlemen had a peep at them; they all knew these papers had been stolen, but not one of these Puritans cried "shame," or expressed in the faintest manner his disapprobation. They read and whispered, and then went on, louder than ever, to launch their accusations against "certain people." No names were mentioned, and this masquerade gave them still greater freedom in the choice and use of their cowardly weapons. At last this state of things was found to be intolerable, and the insulted Chamber, having vainly invited Sig. Crispi to specify his complaints, ordered a parliamentary enquiry. All Italy was on tip-toe. The excitement was intense. Shoals of witnesses were called, and Sig. Crispi had "mounted his engine" (to quote his own ill-chosen metaphor), quite ready for the charge. Major Lobbia, too, had handed over to the president a mysterious parcel thrice sealed, which everybody knew to contain poor Fambri's stolen letters, and which on the day of its solemn opening was to reveal to the world a monstrous tissue of iniquities committed by the leading men of the *Consorteria*. The end is known.

The mouse was born at last. The awful parcel was found to contain nothing even remotely compromising for Fambri and his friends, who were proved to have committed nothing either illegal or dishonorable. Lobbia naturally became the laughing-stock of Florence, even before the end of the enquiry. He seems to have felt most keenly what a sorry figure he had cut, and, in his impotent despair, resorted to a stratagem. He was found, one evening, wounded and bleeding, in a lonely street. The wound was a mere scratch, and nobody had witnessed its infliction. The scenic effect was, however, a success. Lobbia riots took place all over Italy, and the republican papers, which had been desponding on account of the enquiry, cried out once more, triumphantly, that this cowardly attack showed not only the guilt of the accused deputies, but the corruption and depravity of the whole *Consorteria*. Other people, however, failed to see this, and a subsequent action brought against Major Lobbia proved, beyond all doubt, that his wound had been inflicted by himself. A third law-suit, just brought to a conclusion, was instituted against the stealers of Fambri's correspondence, who were found guilty and condemned to sixteen months' imprisonment. And here ended the Lobbia.

The Italian legislators had become utterly unfit for anything except gossip, and were wisely sent home for the dog-days. When they met again in October, it was hoped that they had recovered, and their heads were cool enough for the voting of the estimates. But the men of the Left were still smarting and writhing. Their many defeats and exposures had been too humiliating to be forgotten so soon, and, seeing that they alone could do nothing against the majority, they had, during the recess, conspired with the old gentlemen of the Centre, who, too, were tired perhaps of shivering so long in the cold, and who on account of their paucity and their mental rigidity, were worse off than the Left. The result was the election of Sig. Lanza, of the Right Centre, for the speaker's chair. Lanza, in return, made a croaking speech on finance, and the Menabrea cabinet, with truly Italian touchiness, resigned on the 19th November. For twenty-six days no new cabinet could be formed. And who can wonder? Sig. Lanza, who undertook the task, instead of applying to the Left, with whose aid he had obtained the unexpected majority of votes, applied to his own clique, which, however, was too small to contain the necessary elements, and, rather than coalesce with his new friends, he withdrew. After many vain attempts, Sig. Sella, of the same central party, succeeded on the 15th of December in putting together a cabinet, in which the Left is even less represented than it had been in the Menabrea cabinet, and which is, with the exception of Sella and Lanza, who are central men, entirely composed of the political friends of the ousted Ministers. Nor did the country want any change either of names or principles, being justly satisfied with the Menabrea-Digny administration. But the country is ill represented by its parliament, and should dismiss its servants with scorn who waste their time in idle gossip and petty iniquities while honest and urgent work is to be done.

Correspondence.

MASSACHUSETTS CREDIT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: So many rumors have been privately circulated of late with regard to the credit of Massachusetts, and so little was said by the Governor of the State on the subject in his late message, that your readers may be glad to know what the facts really are, so far as it is possible to arrive at them. The subject is an important one not alone to Massachusetts, but to the whole country, and it is greatly to be regretted that the Boston papers have deemed it advisable to scout all discussion of it.

The market upon which Massachusetts has hitherto relied when in need of money has been a small one. All her loans have been raised through a few bankers who have had confidence in the management of her finances; to the general market she has not been in the habit of applying. Last year, however, Mr. Walker, of Springfield, was sent abroad to negotiate a loan, and he found that the usual market was not open to him; not, it is said, on account of any want of faith in the credit of the State, but from other causes of a special and temporary character. As the usual lenders would not make advantageous proposals, the only resource was the general market. And here it was that the fact first came out that the credit of the State had been impaired by the mismanagement of the last year or two. Here it was that Mr. Walker was reminded that the State had loaned \$7,000,000 (\$5,000,000 in gold) to the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad, and advanced many more to aid in the completion of the Hoosac

Tunnel. But this was not all. Bankers said to Mr. Walker, "The difficulty with your State is that we never know where she is going to be six months hence. If she would raise a round sum, and then not pass any more loan acts, we should be easily able to arrange the matter; but the trouble is that her loans come along, a few millions now, a few more next year, a few more the year after, and the result is that no man in 1869 can say what may be the indebtedness of the State in 1870."

If these facts are correct, there is every reason to say that Massachusetts' credit is impaired, and that two of the most powerful agencies at work in impairing it have been the Hoosac Tunnel and the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad. The facts become still more significant when it is recollected that the latter is again before the Legislature asking for more aid; it is six months since two millions was voted them. Very few people seem to be aware either of the application or of the intimate connection between it and the difficulty Mr. Walker found in negotiating a foreign loan. The bonds of the corporation have been distributed in every direction; the most "conservative" people in Boston are interested in the success of the road; they have never received any interest yet, and they fear that if any public disturbance is made they never will. Capital is proverbially timid. Nevertheless, it would be well for these bondholders to consider whether additional loans from the State will help matters, or whether it would be better for them to have the road managed as other roads are managed—honestly. A most amusing attempt has been made within the last few weeks to give the road a better look than it has under the presidency of Eldridge, by inviting some well-known gentlemen to take places in the direction. The story is that Judge Wm. A. Richardson, late Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Dawes, of the House of Representatives, were both asked in turn to take the presidency. A third gentleman, whose name is well known on State Street, was asked to become a director. Judge Richardson and Mr. Dawes were too wise; the third gentleman looked over the books of the company—and fled. The great reform movement having thus ignominiously failed, re-enter Eldridge, smiling, from his temporary retreat, who reassumes the curule chair, and marshals his forces for a new invasion of the treasury. Meanwhile, there are some few people who, in the Legislature and out of it, are determined to make a vigorous stand this winter against the ring. Orders have been introduced and passed in at least one branch, requiring the Attorney-General to appear in all applications for money and represent the interests of the State; another order has been passed requiring the old commissioners who were ejected last year at Eldridge's instance to appear and state what they know about the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad. They will have strange stories to tell. Something they will, perhaps, have to say of a certain bond on file in the treasury, in which some of the principal men in the road bind themselves to produce the sum of \$2,000,000 *whenever it may be necessary for the completion of the road*. The public would gladly know why, instead of fulfilling the condition of this bond, they come begging the State for more money.

If a vigorous resistance is made, it seems almost impossible that the road should come off victorious. Yet they have the prestige of two victories on their side, and no one knows how the Governor stands, while in the distance rises an awful shape, ominous of, no one knows how much, horror, terrible with memories of the past, big with portents of the future—the spectre of the State House—the skeleton in the closet of the Governor—the South Boston Flats.

A. P. M.

Boston, January 24.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HURD & HUGHTON announce that they will republish here Freeman's "Old English History for Children;" and we will add for them that a better choice for reprint they have never made.—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros. continue, with unfailing productiveness, their novel-mill, and have in press "The Maiden Widow," by Mrs. Southworth; "Why did he Marry her?" by Miss Eliza A. Dupuy; "A Marriage in High Life," by Mrs. Grey; and "The Countess of Monte Cristo."

—Among the books soon to be issued by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., we mention these: "Society and Solitude" is the title of Mr. Emerson's forthcoming volume of essays, which will be about a dozen in number, and of which about half will be new. One, reprinted from the *Dial*, will be, we believe, the essay on art which made such a stir once on a time. But even the old essays will be not altogether old, for Mr. Emerson has a

way of adding and changing when he rewrites. Mr. William Mountford, whose name is better known to the reading public than the two or three volumes that he has written, is to publish a volume entitled "Miracles, Past and Present," the contents of which have already seen the light in a religious periodical. Next month we are to get the first, and next May the second, volume of Mr. Bryant's rendering of the Iliad. The Mr. Murray whose book on the Adirondack region last summer made so much noise among people who are fond of the mountains, and so much noise of a less subdued kind among people who listened to the author's advice and went up into the woods for a vacation, is about to put forth a volume of his sermons—"Music Hall Sermons," they are called. Miss E. S. Phelps, who has some luck in titles, calls her new book "Hedged In." It is a novel, we believe. Very good news for admirers of the *Overland Monthly* and Mr. Bret Harte, is the announcement that "The Luck of Roaring Camp," with other such sketches, is to be made up into a volume which will shortly appear. This will be its author's most important venture; for, though there is very good reading of its kind in his "Condensed Novels," and his other comic pieces in verse and prose, the pathos and humor and raciness of his later Californian sketches give him a sure foothold in the walks of the better literature. "Men and Mysteries of Wall Street" is by Mr. J. K. Medbery, whom some of our readers may perhaps recollect as the author of a *North American Review* article on the Jersey railroad monopolies, which was instructive and entertaining. If he has only made his new book sufficiently libellous, not only the greater will be its truth, but the more the public will be interested in a subject now perhaps growing a little stale. Mr. Lowell's volume, all prose, has, by way of dedication, this verse:

"Love comes and goes with music in his feet,
And tunes young pulses to his roundelay:
Love brings thee this: Will it persuade thee, Sweet,
That he turns prosier when he comes and stays?"

There are six essays in the volume, of which all have already appeared in the *North American*—most of them written a couple of years or so. "Dryden" is the opening essay, and then follow "Witchcraft," "Shakespeare Once More," "New England Two Centuries Ago," "Lessing," and "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists"—a body of instructive and most satisfying criticism and talk.

—A friend of Mrs. Stowe writes, complaining that we have done her injustice in not having made any mention, in our recent article on her "Vindication of Lady Byron," of the reasons she herself gives for making her revelation, viz., that she loved and admired Lady Byron, and was provoked by a ferocious and slanderous attack on her in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1869, to which attack Lady Byron's friends in England made no reply. We did not notice this, because we considered it covered completely by what we said as to the confidential nature of the communication made by Lady Byron. Clearly, nothing could be communicated confidentially to anybody, if it was exposed to extraction from the recipient of the confidence by a ruffianly attack on the person making it in a magazine or newspaper. Moreover, the silence of Lady Byron's blood relations and trustees ought, it seems to us, to have made Mrs. Stowe hesitate, or, at all events, have prevented her acting, without first ascertaining the reason of their silence or the state of their feelings. They are the natural guardians of her memory; and it appears they are also, by Lady Byron's will, its legal guardians. She does not appear, however warmly she may have felt towards Mrs. Stowe, to have looked at mutual relations in the light in which Mrs. Stowe seems to look at them. And then, we confess, we felt that we could not say what was in our mind about the *Blackwood* article without seeming to treat Mrs. Stowe's feelings about it with levity. *Blackwood*, though it has long enjoyed a high literary reputation, has been also, and is now, famous for its billingsgate. It has preserved in its treatment of opponents a considerable portion of the ruffianism for which the *Quarterly Review* was noted in Croker's day, and in these soberer and more decent times its abuse carries with it its own refutation. The very extravagance of its comparison of a woman so well known and so much respected as Lady Byron to a convicted French poisoner, made it harmless, ridiculous, and unworthy of notice. The world would be in a dreadful state if a slang-whanging magazine or newspaper writer had only to call persons whom we all honor and admire Borgias, or Faustinas, or Judas Iscariots, or Traupmanns, to make it necessary to meet and overwhelm him by the revelation of the most awful secrets of family life, even if in doing so we covered with opprobrium the memory of innocent third parties. We doubt if any human being thought the worse of Lady Byron for anything *Blackwood* said. We have never meant, of course, to throw any doubt whatever on the purity of Mrs. Stowe's

motives. In one thing we cordially agree with our correspondent, and that is, that Lady Byron, whatever her faults or mistakes, had to do with a very disgusting set of people, whose performances were enough to have added even stronger brains than hers.

—We think Mr. Samuel Austen, secretary and general agent of the Rhode Island Educational Union, would have made his recent first annual report more profitable if he had named and catalogued the towns which have opened free libraries and evening schools for adult classes, instead of referring to each anonymously and with small regard to precision. He appears to excuse himself on the ground of inability to compute the good which so much as one school or library may have accomplished; but then, nobody expects figures to tell the whole truth, but only as far as they go; and as for the good achieved by example, the more concrete the statement of what has been done, assuredly the better. As it is, we can merely repeat in a general way that a year's work on the part of the Union has resulted in establishing some twenty educational centres in different parts of the State, with a view to instructing and improving the foreign element which enters so largely into the Rhode Island population. The manufacturers, who have attracted this ignorant class from without, have of course been appealed to for sympathy and aid, and have not stood aloof; but again, we could wish to see lists of their contributions printed in full. And as there are not so many mills, why should we not have statistics of the number of hands employed—of *analfabeti*—of those won over to the schools, etc., etc.? One good result has been the adoption of evening schools by the municipal authorities of Providence—a practice which has for some time prevailed in this city, but which we have not hitherto observed in New England. As auxiliary to State education, and reaching those who are too old for the day-school, for its bearing on social and industrial problems, the Rhode Island movement deserves attention and success.

—An old Rugbeian has been writing to the *London Times* about the dreadfully bad handwriting of most of the liberally educated men in England; and apparently his letter affords a specimen of the sort of chirography of which he complains; for even the long-inured proof-reader seems to have let "clients" pass for "clerks." Indeed, the writer confesses that his hand is abominable, and he surely gives a sufficient reason. In Rugby, in his day, which was the time of the mastership of Dr. Tait, it was the fashion, as it was, and, we believe, is, in most other English schools, to punish the boys for bad behavior by requiring them to write out so many lines of Latin or Greek poetry. The correspondent says that when this requisition was made in his case, he used to tie together in a bundle some four or five pens, and write with them all at once. Why this was done, unless out of "Pure Cussedness," which builds her nest and makes her natural seat in the bosom of The Boy, we do not know. Perhaps at that period of his life this particular treasure did write the excellent and beautiful hand which he says he did, and tied his pens together so as to produce the illegibility which should serve as a cloak of his ignorance and carelessness. When he had produced on the paper a sufficient number of black lines, he used to go over the page, he says, and make "tops and tails," and carefully put in at the beginning of each line a capital letter well enough formed; say, the letters of the first ten lines of Virgil, which he knew by heart. Then, when the master asked him to read off any given line, he, knowing it by the first letter, glibly read the line which happened so to begin in the poet. As we may readily believe, this Crichton did not leave school until after he had written out, or pretended to write out, a good many thousand lines of Latin; and it is to the infliction of that particular penalty for his crimes that he attributes the destruction of his handwriting. He might safely add that some part of his ruin he owes to the carelessness with which his natural enemies examined his work.

—But the fact is that most handwriting is bad both in this country and in England, and we suspect that the prospect of its growing better is not flattering. Perhaps calligraphy is going the road that correspondence has gone. Now that one can always write to one's friends by the next mail, one does not write at all except on matters of business, and the art of correspondence is almost a lost art. What may be done at any time is never done. The telegraph, and the frequency of communication by post, and the fact that the printer is getting to be everybody's amanuensis—in short, the decreasing importance of manuscripts as things to go from hand to hand, and the tendency to brevity in such as do pass from hand to hand, must, one would imagine, do the writing-master much harm. Then, too, this latter personage is not without blame. Usually he is a person who cannot be praised as a man of philosophic mind and of

sagacious method. Most of the people who teach children to write succeed in disgusting the learner at the outset. The position he is told to take is an unnatural one, or seems such to the child, who has never studied the uses of postures; and the way in which the pen is to be held is a way that no little boy or girl would ever have devised. But these obstacles to success, great as they may be, are not those which make learning to write the occupation which of all others causes most wear and tear of the childish brain, and most anguish and disgust to the childish spirit. The teacher, says an ingenious thinker upon this subject, will come to that clear understanding of the difficulty of his task which is essential to a proper performance of it, if he will just sit down and himself try to write with his left hand. He will then have put himself in his young friend's place, and if, as a result of this, he does not go on with his teaching in a mood of more patience and gentleness, and with a truer conception of the misery of his pupil, and so with a greater likelihood of making things easier for the small unfortunate, his heart and his head alike must be worse than a writing-master's need to be. This same philosopher, we may add—whose educational works are not published—strongly recommends teachers who are instructing children learning to read to get themselves into a state of due appreciation of the trials and difficulties of the learner, and of proper abasement of their own pride of intellect, by trying to read any ordinary primer with the page turned upside down. Thenceforth they will find themselves not so willing to pull the ears and knuckle the heads and rap the hands of poor young gentlemen who know their letters, indeed, but who boggle over whole words. On the upside-down page the teacher himself will be able to distinguish and name each letter perfectly well; but not if he were Solomon himself could he read off a paragraph without exposing himself to the danger of corporal punishment at the hands of a hasty judge.

—“The current derivation and meaning of the words Holy Grail are contradicted by Sir George Bowyer in a London paper. He says that ‘the true interpretation of the word Sangreal in the original legend is not Holy Grail, but *sang réal*, that is to say, *real blood*, meaning the Real Blood in the Sacrament of the Altar.’” We find the foregoing paragraph in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of January 17. Sir George would seem to belong to that school of popular etymologists who derive Bacchanals from Bag o’ nails and Bellerophon from Bully Ruffin. Nothing is better settled than the derivation of Grail, Gréal, and Graal, from the Low Latin *gradalis* (or *gradale*), meaning a cup or dish. Other forms are *græletus* and *grasala*. The Provençal forms of the word, *grazal* and *grasal*, point back to *gradalis*. The origin of *gradalis* is uncertain. Diez adopts Roquefort’s suggestion of *crater*, though without giving him credit for it. Moreover, *sang réal* means *royal blood*, as Sir George Bowyer might have learned from Borel, who propagated, if he did not originate, the *hysteron-proteron* derivation, whose ghost, it seems, still walks.

—In Maine, at the end of 1868 there were forty Universalist clergymen; at the end of 1869 there were thirty-two. In Massachusetts, at the former time there were 112 ministers of this denomination; at the latter time there were 106. In all the New England States except New Hampshire there has been, during the year just passed, a decrease in the number of Universalist clergymen, and the same thing is true of New York and New Jersey. There is now, as before, one such clergyman in Delaware; in Virginia there is one; so there is in West Virginia, in Mississippi, in Louisiana, and in Maryland, while South Carolina and Alabama have now, as in 1868, two apiece. Some man more witty than reverent, and perhaps as wise as witty, who lived in a fever-and-ague district in Virginia, is reported to have told a Unitarian preacher that it was of no use for him to preach his mild doctrines in any county where the people were compelled to use quantities of blue pills. They wanted doctrines as drastic as their medicines, he said. The measure of success which the Unitarians have had in the South would seem to give confirmation to this evidence, and the same thing may be said of Universalist progress in the same part of the country. It may, however, be said to hold its own there; and, speaking generally, we may say that while Universalism falls off a little in New England and the North-east, and holds its own in the South, it makes in the West some slight gains. These, however, barely balance its losses, if we may judge by the figures given in the *Universalist*, for the net gain in the total number of members is but sixteen. As the *Christian Union* remarks, so slight an increase as this is to be called a decline if compared with the growth of other denominations. Some months ago we thought we had reason enough for saying that Universalism was of far less importance than it was thirty years ago; and that we believed it could be shown that there were perhaps at the moment absolutely fewer

Universalist societies in the North and East than there had ever been before, and certainly were fewer relatively to the societies of other bodies of Christians. Here, now, we have the figures which it was thought by some of our contemporaries we should do wisely not to invoke. It is, however, to be freely admitted that, if Universalism as criticism of the harsher Calvinistic dogmas has lost much of its old weight, that is in good part because it has been of efficient service in ameliorating Calvinism—Universalizing it. A consideration is suggested that Universalist New England loses her young men to the West. But, then, Congregationalist, and Baptist, and Methodist New England do that too; and the West is not giving disproportionate gains to the Universalists, nor even proportionate.

—Perhaps for one reason or another the readers of Tennyson’s new volume may wish to go back to Sir Thomas Malory, whose book of “The Historie of King Arthur” will be found easy and pleasant reading by many who do and a great many who do not care for the “Idyls of the King.” It is a book which deserves, very much more than the books for which he made it, Charles Lamb’s ingenious defence of the comic stage of the Restoration; for it introduces the reader to a world far enough removed from the worky-day world of the present times, and yet not a world in which there is a perilous lack of all morality. It has a morality of its own, not the less useful perhaps for being peculiar, and the very worst that can be said of it is that it charms the mind to indolence and withdraws it from the realities of life; and this worst is not so very bad; a bold man might say that it is even a good thing that can be said about it that it takes the imagination millions of miles away from the life immediately surrounding us and gives the mind a play-day. This it does so well that, if any heretic who knows it should be pleased to resent Mr. Tennyson’s preaching from Sir Thomas’s heroes and texts, we, for our part, should not feel bound to quarrel with him. Not all the romances used by Sir Thomas in making his delightful compilation have been saved from destruction, and one “Sir Balin le Savage” has been hunted for high and low by the students of Arthurian legendary lore. We learn that it has just been found in Paris, and has been secured for England by a wealthy collector.

—We have spoken before of the great results obtained by the English commission which has it in charge to collect from all quarters manuscripts relating to English history. The story goes now that the archives of the city of London are rich in documents which, if they can be brought to the sun, will be of great help to the future historian of the Wars of the Roses—a bloody and troublous period of English history more interesting than well known. It is hardly to be hoped that the authorities of the city will yield to the commission their power in the premises, and we may therefore wish all the more heartily that the ancient corporation may remember the days when it used to indulge itself in keeping a poet, and may be as liberal and public-spirited in the search for the supposed treasures as its tradition shows that it often has been in other good causes.

—Ellendt’s “Lexicon Sophocleum” has passed a second edition in Germany at one-half (six thalers and two-thirds) the former price, though the present editor, Dr. Genthe (son of the novelist), has almost doubled its size by availing himself of the scholia discovered since the former publication in 1834, as also of the important grammatical labors of Dr. Curtius; thus making the work so complete that the new dictionary announced by Dindorf may scarcely be expected to advance much the study of the author. In the department of Greek metre are to be mentioned a revised edition of the lyrical part of Bernhardt’s “Geschichte der griechischen Literatur” (History of Grecian Literature), and a novel, if not new, attempt made by Moritz Schmidt, in explaining the chorals of Sophocles, to harmonize the poet’s rhythm with the modern system of notes. “Eine philosophisch-historische Grammatik der deutschen Sprache” (A Philosophical and Historical Grammar of the German Language), by Westphal, contains the investigations of the Grimms, so well reduced in a brief compass as to be a sort of supplement to, and even substitute for, the bulky original. The new edition of Grimm’s Grammar is thus far a reprint of that known as the second edition, with slight alterations. Grimm himself collected all the matter relating to particles together, and thus probably intended to abandon the historical method pursued in the former editions. Dr. W. Scherer, under whose care the reissue is conducted, seems unable to work in the new materials. Weigand, who, with Hildebrand, undertook the continuation of Grimm’s Dictionary, has furnished the first part of his share, of which it is as necessary to admit the value as that Hildebrand works quite as well and much more rapidly. In the department of comparative philology a new (third) edition of Bopp’s “Vergleichende Grammatik” (Comparative Grammar), with unimportant addi-

tions, is to be noticed. Dietz's "Grammatik der romanischen Sprachen" (Grammar of the Romanic Languages) has been considerably increased, particularly the part relating to old Italian. Professor Weber, of Berlin, has dedicated to Ernest Renan a collection of review articles written during the last twenty years, and now published as "Streifen auf dem Gebiete der indischen Philologie" (Excursions in the Domain of Indian Philology). Very worthy of mention is S. Nagel's "Französisch-englisches etymologisches Wörterbuch innerhalb des Lateinischen"—perhaps the first attempt to gather together the French and English words derived from the Latin, to contrast them with the primitive words, and thus render perspicuous the laws governing the transition from the Latin to French or English, as also from French to English. Dr. Ebel, the director of a gymnasium in a small city in Posen, has elaborated Zeus's "Grammatica Celtica" in a manner and with a fulness of detail that astonish the French critics. The publisher received the prize of the Paris Academy, and Ebel has been elected an honorary member of the Dublin Academy. "Das Buch der Familie Froschauer" (Book of the Froschauer Family), containing a register of all the books printed by the house of Froschauer, in Zürich, is of interest to English readers, as it is now beyond a doubt that Coverdale's Bible was printed by Froschauer in 1529. It is no small fault of the editor, E. Camillo Rudolphi, that the titles are given abbreviated, so that one is frequently in doubt concerning the identity of a book in question. Brockhaus is to undertake for Dr. Carl Bruhns, director of the Leipzig Observatory, a two-volume Life of Humboldt on a novel plan. "A scientific biography" is to be the title of it, and it will consist of two parts—one general, describing Humboldt's outward life and the course of his development, by many writers, including Dr. Avé-Lallemand, of Lübeck, Prof. Foerster, director of the Berlin Observatory, and the editor himself; the second showing Humboldt's activity in various sciences in detail—viz., meteorology and hydrography, by Dr. Dove, of Berlin; physiology, by Dr. E. du Bois-Reymond, of Berlin; zoölogy, by Dr. Carus, of Leipzig; distribution of plants and botany, by Dr. Grisebach, of Göttingen; geology and mineralogy, by Dr. Ewald, of Berlin; geography, by Dr. O. Peschel, of Augsburg; astronomy and mathematical geography, by Dr. Bruhns; physics and magnetism, by Dr. Wiedemann, of Karlsruhe. Several original portraits of Humboldt, as yet never reproduced, will adorn this unique publication. Anything that relates to the subject and not likely to be accessible to his biographers will be gladly received by the editor.

—If we could suppose some one to have collected and published lately the private correspondence of Governor Andrew, containing opinions of General Butler's rule at New Orleans of such a nature as to lead the latter to prosecute the editor for defamation, we should have a pretty close analogy to a case just decided in the Milan courts—or, rather, decided in the first instance, for an appeal is to be taken. The particulars of this suit were given, when it was first threatened, in the *Nation* of February 18, 1869 (p. 132). Prof. Franchi had edited the *Epistolario* of the late Giuseppe La Farina, and the public conduct of Deputy Crispi, while a member of the Sicilian government after the revolution in 1860, having been severely censured in some of the letters, Crispi demanded of Franchi an early apology, which failing, he would, he declared, resort to legal proceedings. The editor, however, declined to adopt and excuse, as if his own, the sentiments of La Farina, and asserted for himself the simple performance of a duty he owed to history. The result is that he has been condemned to five days' imprisonment and a fine of thirty dollars, and to insert his sentence in every unsold copy of the Correspondence, under pain of confiscation. The case was judged solely with reference to the Italian press laws, which are very liberal, and whose application in this instance the counsel of Franchi deny to have been warranted. The more interesting and universal question, as to the limits of historical fidelity when the character of the living is involved, was excluded by the court. It therefore practically decided that the adequate study or presentation of the men, parties, ideas, and events of any given period of contemporaneous history is subordinate to the reputation of survivors who may have fallen under censure—a ruling which bears particularly hard on Italy, where politics are so intensely personal, but which would be found embarrassing elsewhere; and it possibly overrates the injury which, in a country where the press is free, can be inflicted by posthumous publications.

LOWELL'S "CATHEDRAL."*

THE opinions expressed by the critics who, so far, have spoken of Mr. Lowell's new poem seem to be, substantially, three in number. One is held

by a solitary gentleman, of "the metropolitan press," "compact of thankless earth," who thinks that "The Cathedral" is a fair specimen of the sort of thing that the New England writers have now for a long time been successfully palming off on the rest of mankind as poetry, whereas, in reality, it is so and so. Another opinion is that this latest of his poems is by far Mr. Lowell's best, and that it is sure of a long immortality; and a third is that "The Cathedral" is a fine poem, but that the poet does hardly so well in it as in the old anti-slavery poetry. Perhaps if we assent to that part of the second of these three judgments which predicts for "The Cathedral" a long immortality, we shall have done all that is necessary—so far as concerns picking and choosing between them.

"Far through the memory shines a happy day,"

says the poet, beginning far off, like his own "musing organist." He can remember, he says—

"Nay, they are present still,
Parts of myself, the perfume of my mind"—

some few such happy days, when, recluse from playmates, he was compelled to seek

"Companionship in things that not denied
Nor granted wholly; as is Nature's wont,
Who, safe in uncontaminated reserve,
Lets us mistake our longing for her love."

And some such he proceeds to recall. He speaks of them not in a certain mood with which his poetry has made readers of it familiar, though it may be doubted if it is so much his favorite one as he seems to say—that mood in which all the shows of nature affect the beholder who remembers old times with a joy, or else with

"A pathos, from the years and graves between."

Nor yet does he speak of them in the mood, of frequent recurrence with him, in which he looks, baffled, on the imperturbable face of enduring, constant Nature, self-sufficing, unintelligible, immovable, the open secret. Both of these moods are discoverable in the poem. But of late the latter seems to be tempered by a religious trust which forbids overmuch questioning; or even dismisses the problem. And the former was always held in check by the poet's mere delight in the sights and sounds of nature, and by the high enjoyment, almost animal in its character, which these stirred in him. Then, again, this sentimental way of making nature tributary and subservient to our own joys and woes of spirit has almost always been well held in check by still another power in Mr. Lowell—by his gift of objective perception and presentation of what passes around him. It is, for instance, winter pure and simple—that is, winter plus no more of the poet's self than there is of realistic artist in the poet—that we see in the admirable scene in Quompegan Street.

And it is interesting to see, as we think we do, that these four memorable days of which "The Cathedral" tells, days stamped upon the child's mind, "as never any since," were stamped there by the combined action of those two powers of his nature to the action of which may be attributed his best work. We quote the winter-day piece:

"And once I learned how marvellous winter was,
When past the fence-rails, downy-gray with rime,
I creaked adventurous o'er the spangled crust
That made familiar fields seem far and strange
As those stark wastes that whiten endlessly
In ghastly solitude about the pole,
And gleam relentless to the unsetting sun:
Instant the candid chambers of my brain
Were painted with these sovran images;
And later visions seem but copies pale
From those unfading frescoes of the past,
Which I, young savage, in my age of flint,
Gazed at and dimly felt a power in me
Parted from nature by the joy in her
That doubtfully revealed me to myself."

Who that can paint the world after that fashion needs, or is very likely, to let it trouble him too much? The descriptions of the other three days are less realistic than this; they painted themselves less instant and less vivid on the brain of the beholder. But his delicate susceptibility to the influences surrounding him they show quite as plainly; and more plainly they show his capacity of being moved by things vaguer and more impalpable to the mind than mental influences. In short, we see made evident in these four happy days the two things which are made manifest in what we have been accustomed to consider our author's very best and most enduring work, whether in verse or prose—namely, his wonderful power of sympathy, and his power as an objective painter of things conceived or observed objectively. And it would not be fanciful to say that we may see in the boy, affected as he here sets forth, the maker of the "Biglow Papers," so far as that work is sharp delineations of typical characters which are everywhere about us; and so far, also, as it is truthful pictures of individual men. The sympathetic diviner of other

* "The Cathedral. By James Russell Lowell." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

personalities whom we respect in the maturer critic and painter of character, and the observer who sees the thing as it is, seem to us clearly visible in the first half-dozen of these pages before us, which relate the boy's impressions.

We may say here that a jarring expression in the last three or four of the verses just quoted is an indication of a fault in our author which, while it has never detracted from what is called the interest of his works, rather, indeed, has added to it, has yet almost always more or less injured their beauty and final satisfactoriness. That "young savage in his age of flint" is a young savage, sure enough; if only for his barbarous intrusion. The mind goes off at a tangent from the matter in hand, the poet once letting go his hold upon it in that abrupt manner, and there is no reason why it should come back till after the age of "lake dwellings" and then all the metallic ages have had a little attention. Mr. Lowell says himself, as he is going away from the cathedral at which he had planned to spend happy hours of abandonment:

"I, who to Chartres came to feed my eye,
And give to Fancy one clear holiday,
Scarce saw the minster for the thoughts it stirred."

And so it often happens with him. The self-pleasing activity of a mind remarkably quick and remarkably open to suggestion, wide-reaching and subtle, and which has at command numberless treasures with which to play, often prevents him from keeping himself steadily to the artistic elaboration of the piece of workmanship in hand. Thus we get many jewels, but not often the perfect jewel. And even if he gives us all that we should have had, he is apt to be unwisely prodigal and give us more—much that it would have been better for him, and better in the end for us, had he withheld. What is more exquisite of its kind than the little gem in "Under the Willows," called "Auf Wiedersehen"? But it has a palinode; which, however, as it graciously happens, does it no harm. And which, after all—let it be said in rebuke of our ingratitude—is at the worst no worse than some brilliants given us with our diamond. Nevertheless, there still stands, and always will stand, always to be regarded, the rule of "Naught in overplus"—to use the words of our author to himself; for no one finds any fault with Mr. Lowell that he has not already found with himself.

"O more than half-way turn that Grecian front," he says to the muse—

"O more than half-way turn that Grecian front
Upon me, while with self-rebuke I spell,
On the plain fillet that confines thy hair,
In conscious bounds of seeming unconstraint,
The Naught in overplus, thy race's badge."

Listening to her advice, we doubt if Mr. Lowell would not have retrenched the amusing meeting with the three Englishmen in the town and here and there one or two other passages—too brief almost to be called passages—which also seem out of keeping, or else are such as distract the attention.

The poet decides, as we have said, that he will give his muse a feast which he had long secretly designed her—a day something like the days that stand out so bright and complete in his boyhood, and, to that end, he goes to visit the cathedral. He meets the British foe above-mentioned; then, escaping, and musing as he goes on various matters, he strolls through the town:

"With outward senses furloughed and head bowed
I followed some fine instinct in my feet,
Till, to unbend me from the loom of thought,
Looking up suddenly,"

the Cathedral stands before him. He sees himself

"Confronted with the minster's vast repose.
Silent and gray as forest-leaguered cliff
Left inland by the ocean's slow retreat,
That hears afar the breeze-borne rote, and longs,
Remembering shocks of surf that clomb and fell
Spume-sliding down the baffled decuman,
It rose before me patiently remote
From the great tides of life it breasted once,
Hearing the noise of men as in a dream."

Then he falls into meditations, which constitute the poem, and his muse's holiday is but a somewhat sad one. We have not space to follow the line of thought, but we indicate it generally when we say that the difference, in point of faith, between the men of to-day and the cathedral-builders first engages the poet, and both come in for some praise and some blame. Their likeness in essential qualities, even those affecting religion, seems to be asserted, and the hope and belief is expressed, though not without some misgivings, that we are again to have what will answer to the pervading faith, and the worship of ideals above ourselves, which distinguished the Middle Ages. Even the Western man, the new Goth, the son of Democracy—

"Of earth's anarchic children latest born"—

"this backwoods Charlemagne of empires new," this "brown-fisted rough,"

"Who, meeting Caesar's self, would slap his back,
Call him 'Old Horse,' and challenge to a drink,"—

even he is, by-and-by, to have a faith and worship, and it is to be not unlike some form of Christianity:

"Doubtless his church will be no hospital
For superannuate forms and mumping shams,
No parlor where men issue policies
Of life-assurance on the eternal mind;
Nor his religion but an ambulance
To fetch life's wounded and malingering in,
Scorned by the strong; yet he, unconscious heir
To the influence sweet of Athens and of Rome,
And old Judea's gift of secret fire,
Spite of himself shall surely learn to know
And worship some ideal of himself,
Some divine thing, large-hearted, brotherly,
Not nice in trifles, a soft creditor,
Pleased with his world, and hating only cant,
And if his Church be doubtful, it is sure
That in a world, made for whatever else,
Not made for mere enjoyment—in a world
Of toil but half requited, or, at best,
Paid in some futile currency of breath—
A world of incompleteness, sorrow swift,
And consolation laggard, whatsoever
The form of building or the creed professed,
The Cross, bold type of shame to homage turned,
Of an unfinished life that sways the world,
Shall tower as sovereign emblem over all."

There are a great many happinesses of thought and expression to which we should be glad to call attention—some of them only wit; some of them better than wit, as, for example, the last line of this:

"Such wine as Dante poured, or he who blew
Roland's vain blast, or sang the Campeador
In verse that clanks like armor in the charge,
Homeric juice, if brimmed in Odin's horn;"

or this, of Gothic architecture:

"And they could build, if not the columned fane
That from the height gleamed seaward many-hued,
Something more friendly with their ruder skies:
The gray spire molten now in driving mist,
Now lulled with the incommunicable blue,
The carvings touched to meanings new with snow,
Or commented with fleeting grace of shade."

The painted windows, frecking gloom with glow,
Dusking the sunshine which they seem to cheer,
Meet emblem of the senses and the soul;
And the whole pile grim with the Northman's thought
Of life, and death, and doom, life's equal fee;"

or, thinking of the Parthenon, take this picture, in itself and in contrast with the last:

"The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
The one thing finished in this hasty world,
For ever finished."

But the poet confesses himself a Gothic soul; a believer in "the architects of dream," the "builders of aspiration incomplete:"

"I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth."

And perhaps "the lofty rhyme" also may be so builded. Perhaps even it must be, if builded by men of our blood and time. However that may be, we can advise all our readers to spend "a day at Chartres"—so the poem was to have been called, they say—and having spent one they will find themselves ready to spend more, for the poem is all profitable, and much of it is beautiful, and it will endure studious acquaintance.

ECCE FEMINA.*

THE author of the work before us deftly exposes the weakness of the suffrage movement, but has not always armed himself to grapple with its strength. Though the book has a general tone of thoughtfulness and courtesy, it is yet likely to mislead in the respect that the positions which it charges upon the whole body of "innovators" can be justly affirmed only of its radical wing. With this reservation, we sympathize with its complaints of the free and independent logic which characterizes the suffrage advocates—their unreasonable presumptions against their respectable forefathers, their venturesome leap from certain evils to an uncertain cure, and, above all, their determination of woman's destiny, without even an oblique glance at her marriage relations. Mr. White insists upon those physical and mental distinctions which, adapting the sexes to different uses, are yet compatible with their equality. This equality he states to be one of usefulness (a sense in which a scavenger is equal to a statesman); whether it is also one of dignity he leaves to conjecture. He is right in his conclusion that a distinction of sphere is the corollary of a distinction of nature; but this admission merely opens the enquiry into the character

* Ecce Femina. An Attempt to Solve the Woman Question. By Carlos White. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1870.

of that sphere—an enquiry which admits of no dogmatism, for it involves much of political economy, and nearly the whole of social science. It is probable that the great body of disputants upon this subject are not as widely opposed as they imagine. Both parties will concede that the nature of the sexes is not so diverse but that each should be interested in, and exercise some influence upon, the pursuits of the other. According to Mr. White, the quiet suasion which women now exert is salutary to political life, and the dispute between him and his antagonists narrows, therefore, to the question, Should this political influence (admitted beneficial in society) be potentially expressed at the polls? Our author argues against the polls, asserting that the beneficence of woman's power is owing to her moral superiority; that this last is solely the effect of her situation, and would be lost by contact with the political world.

In his chapter on the family, he answers that question which is really the fundamentality of this whole enquiry, viz., Is society an aggregation of families or of individuals? Upon this head, he reasons that government is made for the masses, and not the exceptions; that in almost all cases men do represent their wives as well as their children; therefore, to save expense, disorder, and corruption, the law judiciously regards every head of a family as its representative. In illustrating the danger of a different course, he points to those statutes which imply that a man and his wife are twain, by enabling the latter to hold property in her own right. As, however, the interests of married people are really identical, counterfeit bankruptcy is everywhere the result. This is an argument of great weight to those who agree with the author that the political disability of women is for the general good, and that the exceptions to its beneficence should therefore be disregarded. Those, however, whom he especially addresses might maintain that, if nature is the ground for considering the family a unit, it should be remembered that suffrage, or property laws, which merely recognize a distinction between the husband and wife, do not force an alienation of their interests, but leave the parties free to combine them, according to the dictates of affection and mutual advantage. They would further urge that the "innovators" are as hostile to contradictions of natural law as the conservators, but that the former insist that a jurisprudence which supplements nature (by forcing community of interest) is as false in principle as one that opposes it. With respect to the illustration cited, they might war as Greek against Greek, and maintain that a legislation generally benign must involve exceptional inconvenience; but that in the case referred to, special provisions might be framed to prevent fraudulent conveyances.

Mr. White successfully proves that the elective franchise is not a natural right, but a civil gift, grounded on expediency; and, by way of showing the inexpediency of female suffrage, asserts that women themselves decline it. He should remember, however, that none but extremists expect or even wish women to vote until they desire it; and that the present agitation is for the purpose of creating the desire. He refers their indifference or opposition to a natural aversion to politics; an explanation which we will supplement by the suggestion that a class raised to mental apathy might be expected to shrink from a privilege which involves a demand upon time and thought. In his opposition to female suffrage, Mr. White cites the Bible from Moses to St. Paul; but those who recollect that the same authority was quoted forward and back to prove that Ham should for ever remain a servant to his brethren, will be likely to trust that the exegetical skill which was equal to the one difficulty will suffice for the other.

In the ablest portion of his book, the author considers the question of woman's labor, showing that the existing inferiority of her wages is not only inevitable, but to be desired. As a fruit of the insane ravings about household drudgery, many of the industries for women are oversupplied, while the lack of female domestics has become a national evil. Even in those fields which they do not consider beneath them, women will not work ambitiously nor form permanent engagements, because of the "coming man." These causes, of course, lower the wages of the class, and the exceptions suffer with the rule. But even if it were possible to average the wages of men and women, and to give both the same remuneration for the same labor, the most disastrous effects would ensue; for the husband would then be unable to support his family, and the wife would be obliged to abandon her proper cares to assist him. Marriage, as a consequence, would lose half its attractions and usefulness, and fall into comparative neglect.

In conclusion, we will venture to predict that "Ecce Femina" will be welcomed by the opponents of female suffrage as a forcible presentation of their views, while those conservative innovators who have

long been groaning, "the Lord deliver us from our friends, and we will take care of our enemies," will regard it as the providence they invoked.

Tales of Old Travel Re-narrated. By Henry Kingsley. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.)—We trust there are some parents whose care for their children's reading continues after the season of gifts is past. To such we may say that Mr. Henry Kingsley, whose later novels have been so far inferior to his early promise, has partly redeemed his reputation by writing a really capital book for boys, and for men too, called "Tales of Old Travel Re-narrated." The tales are sixteen in number, stretching in space from Spitzbergen to the Southern Pacific, and all round the world, and extending in time from Marco Polo to "The Foundation of an Empire," which bids fair to be as great as any that Marco Polo told of—Australia. They form a small library of travels, an epitome of the narratives of sixteen adventurous rovers. Mr. Kingsley is well fitted to write such a book. His experience as a novelist and his experience as a traveller combine to render his accounts vivid and sensational.

His style is simple, straightforward, almost careless, tinged perhaps with a little conceit, but not the less enjoyable on that account, since he does not offend one's own; his subject is so full of matter that he has no need of padding. He says many bright things himself, and has the knack, while giving the pith of the stories in very small compass, to retain the most interesting details, and quote enough of the language to impart a life-like coloring. Those who cannot read the original narratives at leisure and in full—which, of course, is the best thing to do—will find it the next best to let Mr. Kingsley "skip" for them. He does not leave out all the plums, and he is not afraid to stop now and then to digress a little or explain an obscure phrase or fact; and in doing this he gives proof of a good memory and considerable reading—as where, in "The Sufferings of Robert Everard," he adduces in support of Everard's credibility the account of Captain Alexander Hamilton, who was at Bassorah shortly after Everard was there in 1692; and further illustrates the matter by an amusing story about the city from Franklin's voyage from Bengal to Persia (1787), besides quoting from Darwin, Palgrave, and Rabbi Benjamin; and all this without any offensive parade of learning, but rather as a bright boy will recall the parts of his reading that have made an impression on him. And so the book is a good example to put before boys of the right way to read.

Under Lock and Key. A Story. By T. W. Speight, author of "Brought to Light," "Foolish Margaret," etc. (Philadelphia: Turner Brothers & Co. 1869.)—Mr. Speight is fairly entitled to whatever amount of glory ought rightfully to belong to a successful imitator of a model so little worth imitating as Mr. Wilkie Collins. His preface to this novel informs the reader that he denied himself the pleasure of reading "The Moonstone" until after the completion of his own work, and that, therefore, the resemblances that exist between the two must be counted as accidental. They are very many and very strong; but we see no particular reason why each writer might not have evolved his plot unassisted. It was not, we suppose, by an act of the higher imagination that Mr. Collins conceived the idea of a yellow diamond worth thirty thousands pounds sterling, which, being stolen from the forehead of an Indian idol, should give rise to an ingenious game of hide-and-seek for its recovery; and there seems no reason why both he and Mr. Speight should not at about the same time have hit upon the plan of putting precious stones to so very appropriate a use as making them the hinges upon which should turn the plot of a novel. There is not only a diamond in each book, but in each an Indian idol, with a cavity in its forehead for accommodating the gem. As for Mr. Speight, he does not so much imitate Mr. Collins generally as travesty his details—he is contented with getting general outlines and ideas from other writers; for, though he is in the mass a disciple of Mr. Collins, he is not in particulars above accepting a hint here and there from Mr. Dickens. We suppose, for instance, that Lady Pollexfen owes her existence to Miss Havisham, and that her husband's coffin, which she keeps in an upper room of her house for twenty years, promenading nightly around it, is only a ghastly copy of her prototype's worm-eaten and spider-covered wedding-cake. Still, Mr. Speight's story is readable, and will be enjoyed by people who delight in the kind of novels of which it is a fairly good specimen. In some respects we are not sure that it is not preferable to Mr. Collins's own handwork. For example, Mr. Speight's theatrical pro-

perties are throughout of a cheaper kind than Mr. Collins's—a circumstance which we find greatly in his favor. To our taste, one of the least agreeable things about Mr. Collins's novels is the solemn clap-trap with which they abound, and with which their author seems trying to persuade himself, as well as his readers, that there is something intrinsically valuable and worth doing about his work. Mr. Speight, on the contrary, seems to have a lurking suspicion that it is not a branch of high art that he is pursuing. Such as it is, his work is done well enough to ensure him plenty of readers, however, and so give him all the encouragement he needs.

* * Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.

Authors.—Titles.	BOOKS OF THE WEEK.	Publishers.—Prices.
Appleton's Journal, Vol. II.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Brown (S. G.), Life of Rufus Choate, 2d ed.	(Little, Brown & Co.)
Broome (F. N.), The Stranger of Seriphos: a Poem.	(Macmillan & Co.)
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopedia, No. 19, swd.	(T. Ellwood Zell) \$0 50
Froude (J. A.), History of England, Vols. V., VI.	(C. Scribner & Co.) 2 50
Hentz (Mrs. C. L.), Eoline: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Harper (Mrs. M. J.), Practical Composition	(C. Scribner & Co.)
McBride (J.), Pioneer Biography, Butler County, Ohio.	(Robt. Clarke & Co.) 3 50
Mommsen (F.), History of Rome, Vol. II.	(C. Scribner & Co.)
Martin (Mrs. C. B.), The Story of Muff: a Tale, swd.	(Short & Harmon)
The Little Nortons: a Tale	
Maverick (A.), Henry J. Raymond and the New York Press	(A. S. Hale & Co.)
Mrs. Jernighan's Journal: a Poem	(Macmillan & Co.)
Smith (Julie F.), Widow Goldsmith's Daughter: a Tale	(Brown & Gross)
Smith (Dr. Wm.), Dictionary of the Bible, Am. ed., Part XXIII, swd.	(Hurd & Houghton) 0 75
The True Story of Mrs. Shakespeare's Life, swd.	(Loring) 0 10

Fine Arts.

A MUSEUM OF THE FINE ARTS FOR BOSTON.

WE have spoken recently* of the simultaneous undertaking in New York and in Boston of similar projects for museums of the Fine Arts. The two plans are similar only in their general purpose, however; it would be difficult to arrange the two more dissimilarly than they find themselves arranged by circumstances over which nobody can be said to have any control. Here, in New York, everything is vague, undetermined, undefined. A few persons may know what they would have the Museum be, what collections are of the first importance, and which are the most practicable and within reach; but these few persons have hardly compared notes, and as yet they hold no power in the premises, no power over funds already raised, and no visible power of raising funds. The greatest things are possible; total failure and a speedy abandonment of the whole project is possible. Two months hence there may be a sufficient and intelligent scheme in full working order, money in hand and more coming in, collections forming and preparations making for the proper commencing of others; and two months hence we may be settled in the old despair, founded on a conviction that there is not social life enough in New York for the success of any undertaking of the kind. As yet it has not been announced in any way what the New York Art Museum is to be, nor has it been hinted at how any art museum is to be brought into being. Now, in Boston, at the same time, a tangible and comprehensible scheme is on foot, in the hands of persons who know what they mean to have, and who control funds enough to ensure at least a partial success. As there is every reason to believe that the first step well taken will be the only difficult one, and that the path will be easy, once entered on, we think that Boston must be admitted to be well ahead of New York. One building of the right sort, built and stocked intelligently—a hundred thousand dollars so expended—will explain to all the meaning of the words, "Museum of the Fine Arts," and will interest in the project those who are capable of being interested.

There exists in Boston, on the "Back Bay" made lands, a large lot of ground, pretty well known, as regards location and size, from having held the Coliseum last June. By the forethought of a few gentlemen who fortunately held influence at the right time, this lot was reserved, from its first laying-out and filling-up, for the buildings of a future museum or institution of the Fine Arts, to be used for no other purpose, but to remain a park for ever, unless put to the use above-named. The first enterprise which can promise and give bonds for vigorous action would seem, therefore, to have its land provided for it. So much assured, the question of money to build with comes next, and with it the question of works of art to put into the building, or money to buy them with. It is probable that the Lawrence collection of armor, spoken of in our former issue, can be

had. It is probable also that the Gray collection of engravings can be released from its place of safe-keeping in Harvard College Library, and exhibited in any good and safe building in Boston; and we have tried to show, in two recent articles, how important it is that that noble collection should be accessible to all. The works of art in the possession of the Athenæum, such as they are, can also be counted on for the new building. And of money for building we hear of fifty thousand dollars as secure; the best possible ground for believing as much more to be procurable.

Fifty thousand dollars, however, will suffice to build a plain, fire-proof, substantial building, two stories high; the lower story lighted by windows looking toward the north, the upper story lighted by skylights; the lower story large enough for the engravings and the armor, the upper story more than large enough for all the desirable paintings now within reach. What is proposed for the contents of the larger building, if the additional sum is raised? A collection, systematic, select, historically arranged, of casts of Grecian and Græco-Roman sculpture.

Too many persons, and not in this country only, have allowed themselves to consider casts from sculpture as proper to a drawing-school, but unworthy of a place in a museum of art. Too many persons, impressed by the sight of the very original statue or group, so renowned, so quoted and praised, so ancient and curious, would forget, in the presence of even a perfect cast, that all the original was in it except the associations and the romance, and generally greater beauty of material. There is a danger that these feelings may influence too much the action of those who will control these projected museums, and that there will be too decided a preference of original works of art of less artistic value and of vastly greater cost to these inexpensive and invaluable reproductions.

Let it be remembered, always, that certain fragments of Greek sculpture approach perfection more nearly than any or all other works of art, and show us the profoundest knowledge of nature in its highest forms, and the most consummate artistic ability that man has been found capable of. Let it be remembered, also, that, while the only less perfect and more varied art—central Italian painting—cannot be in any way well reproduced, and can be imperfectly reproduced only at great cost, the art of Grecian sculpture can be studied as well in a cast costing fifty dollars as in the original—the pride of a great national museum. Twenty thousand dollars would buy and bring to our shores the best pieces of the central time of Greek art. Fifty thousand dollars would make the collection of the best period fairly complete, giving small pieces as well as large, bas-reliefs as well as statues, engraved stones as well as colossal groups, terra-cottas as well as marbles. Or fifty thousand dollars will give us the best pieces of all times, beginning with archaism and bringing the student to the cold formalities of Roman Greek sculptures under the later empire. But these sums will be small when we shall begin to contend with the galleries of Europe for those precious bronzes, marbles, paintings, vases, and manuscripts, which are at once the artist's and the collector's delight. We may hope to have those too; we can afford it; we may grow wise enough to spend millions on works of art; and we shall insist on originals at any price where the artist's touch and the purity of his conception cannot be preserved in a copy. But let us get first the very best things of all, which also are the cheapest.

In this respect, then, Boston is wise. And indeed the general plan, which consists in first accepting what is offered and housing it well, and, second, getting low-priced art of the best quality and most powerful educational influence, has a good look. We hope to be able to record equally wise action and intentions on the part of the New York Museum Association, whenever it shall have got as far as the Boston Committee has.

MUSIC.

THE ARIONS IN OPERA.

IN the article on Our Amateurs published in a former issue we referred to a long-standing rivalry that had existed between the Liederkranz and the Arion clubs. This has been fostered by the Saengerfests held from time to time in different cities, at which prizes are offered for the best singing. It is the misfortune of the Arions to have been defeated at certain of these battles of harmony, indeed we believe they have taken no prize in ten years. Last summer they ventured to enter the lists, but were not only not "first in the hearts of their countrymen," but not even second. The Liederkranz returned with a grand piano—the first prize; the Junger-Männerchor went home to Philadelphia bearing a square piano—the second prize; but the poor Arions came back with nothing but a heart-ache and bitter rue. However, with German pluck they set to

* The Nation, No. 237, for Jan. 13, 1870, pages 39 and 32.

work to retrieve their damaged reputations, they bestirred themselves to add new members, and they put their heads together to devise some grand undertaking that should bring them prominently into public notice. An opera was finally resolved upon—one that should be performed by their own members, and should make their names renowned. The thing had been tried by the Liederkrantz at the old Astor Place Opera House in 1851, when Lortzing's "Czar and Zimmermann" had been performed with great success. What the Liederkrantz had done then there was no reason that the Arions might not accomplish now. So *Der Freyschütz*—that opera so dear to the soul of every German—charming the ear with its melody and kindling the imagination with its romanticism, was fixed upon. Candidus, the pride of the club, was to sing *Max*; Remmert, a new member, and one from whom great things were looked for, would sing *Caspar*; the orchestra should be increased to sixty; the New York Sing-Academie would furnish the female voices necessary to the chorus; new costumes would be provided; and the famous Wolf Glen scene, in which the devil is invoked and the magic bullets are cast, should be made terrible with the weird phantasmagory of another world. The society itself would be the chorus, and would crowd the stage with impressive numbers, and sing the Jäger-chor as it was never sung before.

This programme was an excellent one, but it had its difficulties. In the first place, opera is high art, and it is not for any man or any body of men suddenly to bethink them that they will crown themselves forthwith with its laurels, and to accomplish that result in a perfectly easy and satisfactory way. The business of the stage is a laborious thing to learn—a trade that requires an apprenticeship. The vocalism of the concert-room is one thing, that of the theatre another.

Then, again, the Arions must make their mark, if at all, by means of their chorus, that being the only point in which they could hope to improve on previous representations of the opera. But, unfortunately, *Der Freyschütz* does not lend itself readily to the plan, for it offers but little field for the chorus to display itself. The choral parts are only incidental, and are not made a prominent feature in the work. The 'Hunters' Chorus—for men's voices only—in which, if anywhere, the society might hope to make a success, is, after all, a poor composition for the purpose, lacking light and shade, and sentiment and expression, and all the ele-

ments that male voice quartettes rely on for their effects. During most of the opera no chorus is upon the stage, and so it happened that everybody thought that the society had played an inconsiderable part, wondered, in fact, what had become of the Arion, and there was consequently a feeling of disappointment in this direction. Nor did the soloists help the difficulty. As might have been expected, Mr. Candidus proved inadequate to the undertaking. Every one knew that he had a pretty parlor voice, but the Academy swallowed it all up. He sang in a feeble way, as though all the spirit had been taken out of him; and as for his acting, nothing could have been more hopelessly tame. If the man had been drugged for the occasion, it could not have been worse. An occasional ineffectual lifting of the arm was the final result of Mr. Candidus's studies in this direction. Madame Rotter and Madame Frederici, both well used to the stage, endeavored to instil a little fervor into him in the trio, and each took one of his hands. Candidus looked helplessly at them, as though anxious only to be let alone. He fixed his eyes upon the stage, as is the habit with novices, instead of upon the audience, and quite had the air of one vainly hoping that some friendly trap-door might open and let him suddenly out of his perplexities. The *Caspar* of Mr. Remmert was really an excellent performance, especially so far as the singing was concerned; and Madame Frederici and Madame Rotter were tolerably good, in spite of a tendency of the former to sing flat, which is always a matter of regret, since she has so beautiful a voice. As to the Wolf Glen scene, which was to have been made so effective, there was nothing to impress the spectator but the splutter of gunpowder, the wriggling across the stage of impossible monsters spitting fire, the habitual owl with the flapping wings and glowing eyes, some poor painted figures, and an unpleasant smell of brimstone. To children the scene must have been one of magical terror; to the maturer mind it was foolish and unimaginative to the last degree. It is hopeless to appeal to the eye with these silly effects; if the audience is to be impressed, it must be by something addressed to their imaginations, and not by such noisy, vulgar, matter-of-fact displays as this old traditional stage trickery. On the whole the performance was rather a disappointment, though the orchestra was fine, and the chorus really did the little that fell to their share in an excellent manner. Mr. Carl Bergmann, the director of the society, conducted.

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